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SUFFRAGE AS A REWARD for being a good little Fascist is the latest of Mussolini's ideas for the unification of Italy. At a meeting of the Fascist Grand Council over which the Premier himself presided it was proposed that the right to vote should be granted only to those who are considered active contributors to the welfare of Italy. Presumably members of Fascist guilds in the best standing will be among the elect; others may get into the charmed circle as best they may. And when they are in, when they are accorded the inestimable privilege of the vote, they will be permitted to vote for only one party—the Fascist—for the simple reason that only one party—the Fascist—will exist. Candidates are to be proposed by the Fascist guilds or corporations; their names will be gone over by the Grand Council in order that the chaff may be separated from the wheat. The Grand Council will add names of its own choosing and the combined list will be submitted to the select few who are permitted to vote. This is a neat and inexpensive scheme, but, like most good schemes, it might be improved upon. Would it not be simpler, for instance, to eliminate the nominations by the corporations, to have the Grand Council choose the candidates and also cast a proxy vote for the rest of the country? If the council was too busy it could delegate its powers still further: Il Duce could with one twist of the wrist cast a ballot for Italy, and the thing would be done.

PICTURESQUE TALES about a six-year-old King, a golden-haired Queen Mother, and the various mistresses of a former Prince cannot disguise the fact that in Rumania things are not going well. Most recently the spotlight has been turned on M. Manoilescu, former Under Secretary of Finance, just acquitted of the charge of complicity in a plot to restore Prince Carol to the throne occupied by his son. M. Manoilescu emphatically denied that Carol ever wished to depose little King Mihai; possibly he was right. But whether he was or not, the trial and its attendant excitement ought not to divert attention in the outside world from what is really happening in this troubled section of the troubled Balkans. Rumania is fast disappearing into the maw of a despotism as unyielding as that of Primo de Rivera in Spain. Censorship, military dictatorship, the helplessness of a child king are the weapons by which the Bratianu family is defeating Rumania. Premier Bratianu himself is a strong man; and he is able to place members of his family in subordinate positions in order that his commands may be carried out. If a coup were effected by which the exiled Prince Carol were actually restored to the headship of his country, one wonders how long he would last in opposition to so fierce and so experienced a political lion.

LORD WEMYSS, lately First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty, who was one of the advisers to the English makers of the Peace of Versailles, has demanded in the House of Lords that Great Britain denounce the Declaration of Paris of 1856 and reassert her "ancient historic right" to search neutral ships at sea and confiscate cargoes bound for enemy countries even though not contraband. The British Government, through its First Civil Lord, promptly replied that this was impossible and Lord Haldane paid his respects to the Admiralty which seems bent on rousing world opinion against England as rapidly as possible. What Lord Wemyss proposes is another blow at what remains of the war-wrecked structure of international law, instead of helping to rebuild it, and thereby he gives convincing proof of the menace army and navy men everywhere are to the civilized world. Only a few weeks ago a French admiral announced that in the next war France would attack unarmed ships with its fliers without regard to passengers or anything else, although this is precisely what was called piracy and murder on the high seas when the Germans did it by means of their submarines. Freedom of the seas is about as far away, if not further, than the disarmament solemnly promised by our beatified Allies and ourselves when we jointly concocted the Treaty of Versailles.

"AL" SMITH'S impressive State-wide victory had its darker aspects in New York City, where the "New Tammany" showed it had not forgotten how to use the old Tammany tricks. Judge Panken, running for reelection

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after ten years on the Municipal Court bench, was defeated by a combination of fraudulent tactics designed to outwit even the mechanical honesty of the new voting machines. "Floaters" to the number of several thousand, it is charged, voted and repeated their votes in the hotly contested districts, and election officials perpetrated glaring frauds which the Socialist watchers seemed unable to prevent or stop. Similar methods were used to defeat Charles Solomon for the Assembly. An interesting comment on these practices was quoted by several newspapers as coming from no less an authority than John R. Voorhis, Tammany man and head of the Board of Elections.

> The Socialists [said Mr. Voorhis] have complained that the Republicans and Democrats were trying to do them, and the Socialists were probably correct. There is nothing new in it.

But if the Socialists were defrauded of their fair gains in New York City, they did better elsewhere. In Reading, Pennsylvania, a city of 120,000, the whole Socialist ticket was swept into office; in Buffalo a Socialist was elected president of the City Council; and in Boston, where for ten years the Socialist Party has put out no city ticket, a Socialist ran second for councilman with a large vote, no doubt as a protest against the executions of Sacco and Vanzetti. In New York too the Socialist vote showed marked increases. Even in a year of flat reaction in the East, a faint breeze of protest has sprung up.

FOR THE SECOND TIME Westchester County in New York State has given an amazing example of intelligent independent voting. This, the richest suburban county in the United States and one of the most populous, again defeated a proposed new charter which concentrated power in the hands of a few political insiders. The system of governing suburban towns by a board of supervisors is an anachronism and they know it in Westchester. Twice, however, the voters have examined the document submitted to them and rejected it—rejected it though powerful business bodies and the still more powerful Republican boss, William L. Ward, championed each one. Boss Ward and the growth of this commuter community have together made Westchester a heavily Republican county. But the Republicans there will take no charter on anybody's say-so when they have reason to believe that a chief result of its adoption will be the fortifying of two or three men in complete control of the county.

POLICEMEN IN NEWARK, New Jersey, have an effective if not original method of stopping meetings which they consider objectionable. The organization which wishes to hold the meeting duly applies for a police permit, stating on its application the purpose for which the meeting is to be held; the chief of police examines the documents —presumably—and the permit is duly granted. Preparations for the meeting continue merrily. The day before it is scheduled the permit is revoked on some ground or other, and if an attempt is made to hold a meeting in defiance of police order, there are plenty of policemen on hand to arrest would-be participants or speakers for "disorderly conduct." This happened last week to the Young Workers' Communist League, which desired to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Russian Revolution at a gathering on November 13. The permit was granted on November 9, Chief of Police McRell being fully aware of what the meeting was for; it was "revoked" on November 12, twenty-four hours before the meeting was to have taken place. About 200 persons assembled at the hall to listen to a few sentences by speakers addressing them from soap-boxes; seven men, including the speaker, were arrested and released on an aggregate bail of $900—somewhat excessive, one would think, for the crime in question. The American Civil Liberties Union is undertaking the defense of the men, but meanwhile the time for celebrating is past. If anything can create a red menace in America it is this kind of arbitrary police czarism. Unfortunately Newark is not unique. In the Pennsylvania coal-fields the police act as agents of the owners; there is no pretense of maintaining the constitutional rights of free speech and free assembly.

CHINA IS CARRYING ON with a normal supply of civil wars. In the North fighting has been suspended, possibly because of cold weather; on the Yangtze the Nanking Government forces have driven General Tang Seng-che out of Hankow. Since Tang joined the Canton forces two years ago he has been successively the hero of the radicals, then the bloodiest suppressor of labor and peasant unions in China, and finally a personal military chieftain living on the country he ruled. Tang has retired to his old province of Hunan, while the soldiers and even the generals who were under his command have been incorporated into the Nanking army. Nanking now promises a purely civilian government of the Wuhan cities about Hankow—but she has not announced how she will get rid of the soldiers. Another effort at civilian government, under some of the old leaders, is being made at the traditional base in Canton. But civil government is desperately fragile in China, and no group which rejects the support of the workers and peasants—the beginnings of organized civilian power—is likely to endure. Meanwhile the foreigners in China are behaving as foolishly as ever; on the anniversary of the Soviet Revolution a white mob stormed the Russian Consulate in Shanghai, apparently with the tacit consent of the avowed upholders of law and order.

A GALA DAY, totally unexpected, followed the formal ceremonies opening the Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River. Thousands of persons had been assembling before the New York and New Jersey entrances; when President Coolidge gave the signal which declared the structure officially complete crowds surged toward the openings, marched in where only motor vehicles are supposed to tread, and with songs and shouts and waving of hands and of flags announced that as far as they were concerned the tunnel was in use. Enthusiasts shook hands with each other across the invisible State barrier; and the tunnel police joined in the fun. Thousands who were there may never ride through its miles of smooth concrete. They did not care. They were celebrating the machine, as thousands celebrated the airplane in which Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. This particular machine was, as they saw it, fresh and uncorrupted; the symbol in some way they could not explain for all machines. Thus the radio might have been honored before a message passed over its secret wires; thus the dynamo just leaving the factory, the steamship standing helpless upon the ways. If these machines are put to unworthy uses it is no fault of the machine as such; while they are still new they are fit subject for popular rejoicing.

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The History of William J. Burns

THIS Mr. Burns, whom the United States Government accuses of jury-tampering and of making false affidavits, is an old friend. When he boasts that he has done nothing for Harry Sinclair that he had not done dozens of times for the Government, he is probably telling the truth. It would be hard to go lower than the Department of Justice has gone in recent years, and government secret-service men have behaved very much like the animals known as private detectives. There is no lower job to which a human being can stoop. Generally speaking, the task of the private detective is not to prevent or expose crime; it is to provoke men into being worse than they are in order that they may be convicted, to another man's profit. And the private detective will commit any crime to gain his end.

When Mr. Burns resigned from his post as Director of the Bureau of Investigations of the Department of Justice in 1923, the Attorney General stated that Burns had been identified with the Government for twenty-five years, having served in the Treasury Secret Service before Harry Daugherty put him at the head of the Government's under-cover men. What Burns did for the Treasury we do not know, but in 1907 he picked a jury for an Oregon land-fraud case in such fashion that five years later, when the facts were revealed, the then Attorney General recommended a pardon, and President Taft, pardoning the man whom Burns had helped to convict, said that Burns's work was "the most barefaced and unfair use of all the machinery for drawing a jury disclosed to me in all my experience in the federal courts." But the statute of limitations had run, and Burns went free. In 1918 an Attorney General of the other party looked into the records and confirmed that judgment of Burns.

In 1917 Burns operatives were caught tapping telephone wires in New York City and were accused of entering offices at night to copy papers. Edward W. Edwards, secretary of the Allied Printing Trades Council, then asked that Burns's license be revoked, but Burns again escaped. When the Wall Street explosion occurred in 1920 Burns was very much in evidence. It was the work of Red plotters, he asserted before the streets had been swept; and he offered $50,000 reward for evidence convicting the plotters. Perhaps he felt safe; at any rate, one of his own agents later testified that he had written and mailed bomb threats at the behest of Burns officials, and added that a Burns agent had offered him bombs to plant in radical offices! When Burns denounces the "Red menace" in America, he is sometimes denouncing the work of his own agents.

That Burns was a persistent agent provocateur there is no doubt. He was not in charge of the United States Secret Service when it organized Communist Party sections and instructed its agents to fix meetings for a certain night, so that the Government could round them up wholesale—that was Chief Flynn's dirty work. But Burns provoked crime on a large scale through his own private detective agency. More than one of his ex-servants has confessed the role he played by Burns's orders. And when E. D. Lindenfeld was arrested in Warsaw, Poland, in 1921, charged with responsibility for the Wall Street explosion, Burns gave away his hand. There was "no question" that Lindenfeld's arrest solved the "plot," he said; at the same time he asserted that Lindenfeld had been, first, the agent in America of the Third International, and second, one of Burns's own under-cover men. Eventually, Lindenfeld's story dissolved in mist.

They were Burns agents, again, who persuaded the Communists in 1923 to stage their silly secret meeting in the sand-dunes of northern Michigan, and then tipped off the State police to arrest them all. Sidney Howard in "The Labor Spy" prints a series of unattractive reports made in 1923 by Burns agents who acted as I. W. W. organizers in the copper districts of Arizona when Burns was employed by the mine companies. Two of these Burns stool-pigeons were later expelled from the I. W. W. because they "acted as hired detectives of the Burns International Detective Agency and advocated force and violence after joining the I. W. W." The manufacturers' association of Erie, Pennsylvania, paid Burns $29,817 to defeat the molders' strike there. In Joliet, Illinois, only two years ago, a Burns detective was caught throwing a bomb at a non-union garage in an attempt to discredit a strike of automobile mechanics.

Burns was in charge of the United States Secret Service when the Sinclairs and Dohenys were looting the nation's oil and when Daugherty was selling favors at the Department of Justice. Indeed he was Daugherty's man; he boasted of their forty-years' friendship. And he used all the power of his office to stop the investigations and protect the scoundrels. He had the impudence to instruct his secretary, using a United States Government telegraphic code, to wire to Edward B. McLean, Fall's protector (who was on the secret roll of the Department of Justice as a dollar-a-year man), warning him of Senator Walsh's departure for Florida. When Senator Wheeler began probing into Daugherty's muck, Burns sent three United States agents to Montana instructed to "get something on Wheeler." In other words, he used his office against the people of the United States.

Side by side with his misconduct of public office Burns carried on the work of his private detective agency. Ostensibly he had resigned; in fact he wrote letters on United States stationery directing the operations of his private agents and stool-pigeons. And when he left office, he left it with the advantage of government associations. It was natural that Harry Sinclair should turn to Burns if he wanted to make sure of his jury. Burns was accustomed to that kind of work. The story that he instructed an agent to make out and swear to an affidavit, false from beginning to end, accusing a United States government official, does not surprise us. It is denied; it may be disproved; but it is in keeping with Burns's character and record.

We would not besmirch William J. Burns unduly. He belongs to his tribe, and is probably no better and no worse than the rest of them—the Flynns, Shermans, Thieles, and others who sell their thousands of under-cover men to anyone with money to buy them. It will do no good if Burns goes to jail, and the country settles back in the comfortable conviction that a distinguished sinner has been punished. All these private detective agencies ought to be put under a checkrein and made responsible for their acts.

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Senator Borah Scores Again

THAT was a refreshing and vigorous utterance which Senator Borah made before the Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement in New York on November 12. In unqualified language he demanded that the two parties and the candidates for the Presidency announce prior to the conventions where they stand on the Eighteenth Amendment, and whether they propose to enforce the prohibition law if intrusted with the government. He properly denounced the politicians who believe that the issue can be sidestepped. He admitted the right of those who believe that the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed to agitate to that end as much as they please. The Constitution, he insisted, must be upheld and enforced and he at last met the issue of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments by saying that he was for the enforcement of the entire Constitution but that he deemed those amendments so faultily drawn as to make their real enforcement impossible.

In other words, he demanded that we face the issue which more than any other interests the American people today. That it should be necessary to make such a demand is surely proof of the way cowardice and hypocrisy rule our political life. We do not see why all Americans, whether Wet or Dry, should not rally behind him—all except those who today profit by the illicit liquor traffic, or desire to have the prohibition law remain a dead letter. Those who are opposed to the law on genuinely conscientious grounds have the right to violate it, but they do so at their own risk and must be as prepared to pay the penalty, even to going to jail, as were the conscientious objectors to military service in 1917 and 1918. Such men, if sincere, will want to work openly for the repeal of the amendment. *The Nation* has long urged a nation-wide referendum upon this issue; there is no reason whatever why a country which could find a way overnight to conscript the youth of the land could not devise a machinery to register the feelings of the people on the liquor question. If this is not done, then those who desire repeal should demand action of Congress and of the several legislatures and should stand behind Senator Borah in insisting that candidates say honestly whether they are Wet or Dry.

The Senator's contention, which is also ours, that this is the subject which interests the public most, is upheld by the press reports of the recent election. Held in an off year, the newspapers were interested only in interpreting the results from the angle of prohibition and their effect upon the political fortunes of Governor Smith. The defeat of the super-Wet Mayor in Detroit by a gentleman who never made a speech or gave a promise or appeared at a public meeting during the campaign; the race-track victory in Kentucky; the defeat, in an Ohio referendum, of the Anti-Saloon League proposal to legitimatize the practice of letting judges in prohibition cases collect their fees out of the fines imposed, have all been weighed and assayed, together with Governor Smith's latest victory in New York, as to their bearing on prohibition. Quite naturally the interpreters read the signs as their own prejudices would have them. One Washington correspondent declares the election a great setback to Governor Smith, the Wet; another asserts that it more than ever puts him to the front as the only possible Democratic candidate. He has achieved so strong a hold upon the New York electorate that he has now only to indicate his wish in order to have it carried out—an amazing circumstance. No one can deny the fact. Governor Smith rightly opposed one amendment out of eight—that which gave the Governor a four-year term but made his election coincident with that for the Presidency. The voters picked that amendment out and heavily defeated it—while the other amendments all carried easily.

But Governor Smith, for all his power and popularity, is still one of those covered by Senator Borah's demand. If he tries to sit on the fence regarding the liquor question he is lost. So he will be if he allows any advisers to make him believe it wise to truckle to the Drys. He is a Wet by habit and conviction, and everybody knows it. The public will rightly despise him if he switches to gain votes; it should certainly not permit him to be a serious candidate until he states frankly and honestly whether he is for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment or not, and whether he himself, personally, will obey the law if he enters the White House. In heaven's name, let us have some respect for mental integrity and state, whether candidates or not, under which flag we stand. The woman's committee declares that it voices the views of ten million women who desire the law to be enforced. Let the Wets marshal their cohorts.

The Naivete of the English

INDIA is shaken again. On November 8 Parliament was informed that the British Government had appointed a commission to report whether India is ready for a further measure of self-government. This fact in itself would not be enough to shake that country; for, when the Government of India Act was adopted by Parliament in 1919, it was specifically provided that the reforms were to be effective for a first stage of ten years, and before the expiration of that period an inquiry would be instituted into the results achieved and recommendations for the future would be made to Parliament. The commission has not been appointed any too soon. Two years are not a long time for an investigation of such profound importance to more than 300 million people.

What has shaken India is the personnel of the commission. It consists of seven members, among whom there is not one Indian. Not only have the avowed Nationalists like Pandit Malaviya and Pandit Moti Lal Nehru been ignored; but men like Mr. Patel, who has officiated with the greatest satisfaction to all parties as the first elected president of the Indian Legislative Assembly, have been passed over, as has Mr. Srinivasa Sastri, who was long a "moderate" and seemed to have the confidence of the Government of India, and even those Indians of ability, occupants of posts of trust, who have been staunch supporters of the British Raj. All Indians have been omitted on the ground that "the desire, natural and legitimate, of Indian members to see India a self-governing nation could hardly fail to color their judgment of her present capacity to sustain that role." Could any but the most self-complacent Tory Government in history have uttered a statement of such perfect naivete?

There lies nowhere in the announcement a hint that India is in any degree possessed of either the right or the ability to make decisions concerning her own fate. Rather she is like a child before its parents asking for a dime to go to the movies, or with forbidden jam on its lips; or,

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perhaps in a better analogy, a plaintiff before a jury—or is she considered a defendant at the bar?—without even a jury of her own lowly peers! This is the spark which is kindling India's flame of resentment and in some quarters threatening a boycott of the commission. Once more India's self-esteem has been shattered on British arrogance. We predict that in the future as in the past Britain will get small satisfaction from her policy of governing this proud people in the manner of condescension, not to say of insult.

Yet the problems of governmental reform in India are not merely technical ones of division of administrative responsibility; extension of the franchise; collection, control, and expenditure of revenue. They are, in their most troublesome aspects, rooted deep in social and political anomalies. Until the violent Hindu-Moslem hatred melts away, no satisfactory system of representation will ever be devised. Each element, distrustful of the other, clamors for a different method. The Hindus wish a single, general electorate, such as we have in this country. The Mohammedans, forming only one quarter of the country's population, insist on the election of representatives to the various legislative bodies by separate religious communities. Otherwise, they argue, and perhaps justly, they would never be represented and their rights would be ignored. A somewhat similar situation exists in the southern part of the country between Brahman and non-Brahman communities. Of a totally different character is the problem of the Native States, governed by hereditary monarchs and with greater or less degrees of independence as regards their internal administration. These are in no respect bound by the system of government prevailing in British India. But since they are scattered through all parts of British India like polka dots, they create an unusual disharmony of autocratic with representative government.

These problems and others with them have baffled many excellent British minds for decades. We wonder what this commission's seven members, who start so innocent of Indian affairs, will accomplish in two short years. We suspect that until Englishmen admit the equal right—we should say even a better right—of Indians to discuss the government of India, all the commissions in the world can do no better than mark time. Englishmen who cannot see the imperial color of their own minds are an obstacle to progress wherever they flaunt their naive complacencies.

The Art of Translation

IT is seldom that writers of power are attracted by the "other harmony" of translation, and seldom, therefore, that first-rate work is done in the field. Dryden, who in the preface to a volume of pieces he had rendered from the classics announced in 1685 that "For this last half year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of translation," was a writer of great original power. And since he was also given to reflecting upon his processes as he worked, and was one of the ablest of critics, he was able to publish some excellent remarks upon the general subject of translation conceived as an art. He put his finger, for instance, directly upon the weakness with which most translators are afflicted. "The proprieties and delicacies of the English [language] are known to few," he justly said; "'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practice them without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning. . . . Thus it appears necessary that a man should be a nice critic in his mother tongue before he attempts to translate a foreign language. . . . He must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own."

We do not presume to know how deeply experienced the average translator today may be in conversation with the best company of both sexes, but we are sure that in general no better counsel than Dryden's could be offered one who was about to undergo the pain of bringing life out of another language than his own. Dryden's counsel, in brief, was to become a great and fine writer. Now few can be that; and few, accordingly, can translate well. When in addition we consider the rewards that come to translators, often for work whose exasperating difficulties are never suspected by the reader in his armchair, the wonder is that there are any superb specimens of the art whatever.

"It seems to me," said Dryden on another occasion, "that the true reason why we have so few versions which are tolerable is . . . because there are few who have all the talents which are requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise and so small encouragement for so considerable a part of learning." The only substantial reward indeed, today as in other times, is praise; and there is little enough of that, while of encouragement there seems to be none at all. How famous is C. K. Scott Moncrieff, whose endless, noble task of turning Marcel Proust into the best conceivable English is brought to mind this fall by the appearance in America of "Cities of the Plain," the fourth instalment of "Remembrance of Things Past"? He is not a famous man, we fear, though he deserves to be ten times more so than most English and American novelists. His work must be its own reward, as was the case with the great translators in Tudor England, who did what they did because of a passion to see Plutarch, Suetonius, Froissart, Montaigne, and the rest in the King's language; as was the case with the Augustans, who hungered to see the classics silvered over with the beauties of a modern tongue; as is the case today with Aylmer Maude, Constance Garnett, Eden and Cedar Paul, Edwin Muir, and several others—most of them, it must be confessed, in England.

Elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation* will be found a partial list of titles appearing as translations in America this fall. The list, which incidentally makes no attempt to represent the work constantly going on in technical fields, may seem large to some, but to others who are aware of all that is going on in the literatures of Europe it will seem slight enough. The German language is represented best, with works by Emil Ludwig, Arthur Schnitzler, Hermann Sudermann, Jacob Wassermann, Franz Werfel, Stefan Zweig, and Sigmund Freud. France comes next, with André Gide and Marcel Proust at the head of its column. Spain and Italy send only a handful of volumes, and the same is true of the Northern countries; while of the new Russian literature about which we hear so much there is almost nothing to be seen. There is a committee for recommending American books for translation into Russian; must there be a committee for recommending Russian books to us?

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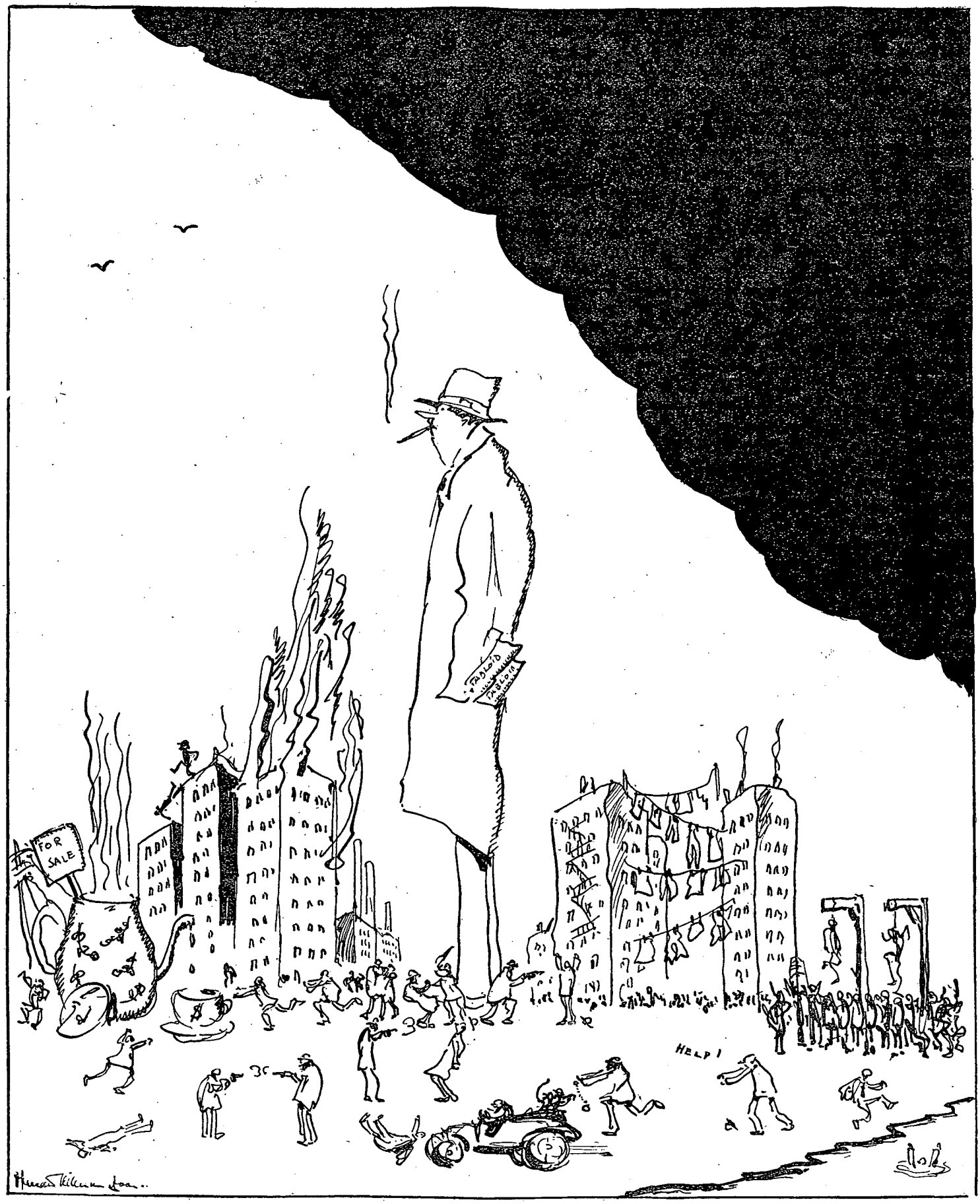

The Optimist

"Oh, look at the pretty little birds!"

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

I COULD wish "happy birthday" to Soviet Russia with a good deal more heartiness if I had not read the report by Roger Baldwin which was printed in *The Nation*. Of Mr. Baldwin's friendliness to the Revolution there can be no doubt, and his most unfavorable findings are hardly overdrawn since he advances them so apologetically. Though 100 per cent Americanism is still not my ideal, I may go all the way up to sixty-five or seventy if I hear many more excuses for the things which are amiss in Russia.

"The prisons were crowded," writes Roger Baldwin and explains, "the Government was nervous." But that holds just as true of terrorism when we have it in these United States. There never was any doubt in my mind that Mitchell Palmer was a sincerely frightened man. It was a nervous Massachusetts which killed Sacco and Vanzetti. The conception of Governor Fuller as an arch-fiend always seemed to me uncomprehending. He was not cruel but panicky.

If sincerity is the only test of right or wrong in governmental oppression I shall break at once into the Star Spangled Banner, for the heresy hunters of this land are as fanatical in their sense of godly inspiration as any you are likely to find in many marches.

"The cries of horror which accompany political executions of bourgeois opponents are all of bourgeois origin," says Mr. Baldwin. But that does not mark Russia as unique among the nations. When Fascisti murder a Socialist it is not the Fascisti who cry out in protest.

And, again, I find: "There is terrorism in Russia, but it is directed chiefly against a comparatively small class. . . ." Here, too, Russia follows the usual formula of governments which imagine they hear footsteps on the stairs. The conscientious objectors were not numerous in America, which was one of the very reasons why they were hounded. Mr. Baldwin himself fought against the police power of New Jersey during the strike in Passaic and he must have known that the people whose cause he espoused were but a handful hemmed in by the hostile.

Roger Baldwin has already done his share of suffering for liberty, but if logic holds him in strict allegiance he should top his six months sentence here for the right of free assembly, by going back to Russia and serving out another term for the glory of free speech. He believes, he says, in "the utmost freedom of opinion consistent with its maintenance." This introduces the element of interpretation. I would have freedom quite a little freer. Obviously a case might have been made against Debs under Baldwin's definition. The important question seems to me to be the authority which is allowed to pass upon consistency. We are told that the secret political police of Russia are doing the most effective job in the world. "Even the government chiefs are inclined to defer to its judgment of what constitutes public safety." Does this mean that such American liberals as disliked rule by Burns or Flynn or Palmer must go and apologize to these gentlemen?

In speaking again of the GPU, or secret police, Mr. Baldwin says: "Its operations are masked in secrecy; it encourages dread by making its arrests late at night; and rumor is the chief reporter of its decisions." Apparently America has less to learn from Russia than I had assumed. Even our amateurs in Georgia and Mississippi are up to these tricks. I would rather put my trust in a corrupt congressman, or governor, or mayor, than depend upon the mercies of the best policeman in the world.

Time after time the point is made that those in Russia who go to exile, jail, or death are only bourgeois. But it does happen that the bourgeoisie have flesh and blood and bones, and can feel cold and steel about the same as workers. I distrust the revolutionary faith in labels. Ten years ago, perhaps, there was some reasonableness in separating sheep from goats by tests based on economic gradations. By now there has been time even for capitalists to change their coats and see the light. Just how do you tell a member of the bourgeoisie if you happen to sit next him at a dinner table? Press hard upon his finger nail, I suppose, and watch to see if there is left a little splotch of purple.

During our dark days the discovery was made that it was not difficult to use the word "bolshevist" to include almost anybody who happened to be in disagreement with your opinions on whatever question. Unless human nature has been radically altered by the Soviets, I suspect that a bourgeois Russian is a political opponent who has just left the room.

As far as Roger Baldwin's article goes, I see in it nothing to uphold the hands of politicians here who would deny recognition to the Russians. In fact I don't see how we can fail to recognize them. The face which they turn toward us is certainly familiar. "Its rigid controls are regarded as temporary war measures." Surely we have heard that before. "Of perhaps four or five thousand arrested all over Russia last June, it was estimated that only seven or eight hundred were actually exiled." A. Mitchell Palmer showed the same sort of liberality.

Indeed, the discouraging factor about the Russian dictatorship lies in its strength and its efficiency. One rather expects political rebels to be stood against a wall in Mexico because there the possibility of overturn is really imminent. But there is nothing to show that Russia has not safely weathered its greatest dangers from outside interference. From this corner of the earth the talk of war by England sounds not unlike some speech delivered in Chicago. Nevertheless, it has sufficed to put out of the way men not popular with Soviet officials.

Our Security Leaguers urge upon us without cessation the virtues of military training. It promotes patriotism, increases chest expansion, and makes fine manly boys. I should think General Bullard would love the land of the Soviets where the rhythm of hob-nailed boots is never stilled. Russia is on the move, of that there can be no question, but is this a new road or are there ruts and wagon wheels to show that it is an old and familiar parade ground?

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Time Out for Corruption!

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, November 8

ENGULFED by the tide of corruption against which it was launched, the Fall-Sinclair trial came to an ignominious and premature end November 2. To the old charges of bribery and conspiracy in the oil cases, there is now added the new and even more abhorrent one of jury-tampering. Again, in the factories and on the farms of America, men shake their heads and mutter the old axiom: "It's hard to convict a hundred million dollars in this country."

The proceedings which compelled Justice Siddons to dismiss the jury and declare a mistrial at a time when the case appeared to be going very badly for the defendants, resulted from a natural meeting between the Sinclair wealth and the peculiar talents of that famous jury-scouter, Mr. William J. Burns. Day and night, from the very hour the jury was sworn, eleven of its members were dogged and watched, and their financial condition, business connections, social relations, personal habits, and religion subjected to the most intimate and detailed scrutiny by fifteen operatives of the Burns Detective Agency, employed for that purpose by Henry Mason Day, one of Harry Sinclair's vice-presidents. Subsequently, called before the grand jury to explain his activity, Mr. Day declined to answer questions on the ground that he might incriminate himself.

The incident of Juror Kidwell, who discussed Sinclair's "democratic manner" in a soft-drink saloon, and boasted that when the trial was over he would have an automobile "as long as this block," was a minor element contributing to the mistrial, if an interesting one. The presence in the jury box of this young leather-worker, who spent his evening hanging out on street corners, and had never paid any attention to the oil cases "except maybe to glance at the headlines," was but the natural consequence of a rule which confined jury service to those who knew little or nothing about the most important public event in America since the war.

So long as ignorance remains the first requirement of a juror in the federal courts, and so long as intelligent interest in great public events is sufficient to disqualify a citizen for the highest exercise of his citizenship, there will be more "Eddie" Kidwells in the jury boxes, and more juries of the kind that sang "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," and shot craps on the floor as a preliminary to acquitting E. L. Doheny and Albert Fall. But that is another problem.

It has been remarked that things were going badly for the defense when Sinclair money and Burns genius collaborated to produce the mistrial which gives the defense a lapse of two and a half months in which to redraft their strategy and perfect new explanations. With indefatigable energy and the skill which reveals him as one of the truly great lawyers of the country, Owen J. Roberts had woven a deadly net of fact and circumstance around the hard-boiled oil magnate and the feeble Fall.

He had shown how Fall sought, obtained, and exulted over control of the naval reserves in the matter of leasing. He had shown the furtiveness with which the negotiations with Sinclair were begun, and the secrecy in which they were consummated. Other oil men had come on the scene, eager to bid. They were rank outsiders. The crafty Fall strung them along, putting one off, lying to another, and as a ludicrous climax to a comedy of double-dealing, cordially invited one to submit propositions when the lease was at that moment lying signed in his desk, ten days old.

Then the story of the reward. What a picture! Fall was in debt to his ears. The joint and several notes of himself and his son-in-law, Everhart, totaled $108,000, most of them long overdue. Fall's own note for $15,000 was three years past due. Times were hard in the cattle country. Suddenly, less than two months after the leasing of Teapot Dome, this New Mexican night of despair was shattered by a burst of sunshine from the East. Returning from Washington, where he visited Fall, and from New York, where he visited persons yet unknown, Everhart appeared in Pueblo, Colorado, with $230,500 in Liberty bonds. With these he paid the debts of Fall, himself, and their cattle company, and from the remainder deposited $70,000 to Fall's cash account.

Roberts deftly traced these bonds to the Continental Trading Co., a mysterious corporation which was born on the day that A. E. Humphreys by invitation met certain oil men in New York to sell them 33,000,000 barrels of oil. Those men were Sinclair; Robert W. Stewart, head of the Standard Oil of Indiana; Harry M. Blackmer, head of the Midwest Refining, a Standard subsidiary; and James E. O'Neill, head of the Prairie Oil and Gas, a so-called "independent" with strong Standard ties.

Humphreys sold them the oil; that is, he thought he had sold it to them until the last moment. When the time came to sign the contract, he discovered that the formal purchaser was the Continental, unknown to him, but fully guaranteed in the performance of its contract by Stewart, Sinclair, and O'Neill. This infant prodigy on the same day resold the oil to companies controlled by Sinclair, Stewart, and O'Neill at a profit of 25 cents a barrel, which, under the contract, would have amounted to a total profit of more than $8,000,000. Out of $3,000,000 thus accumulated, the Liberty bonds were purchased which passed through the hands of Everhart into the pocket of Fall. What became of the remaining $2,769,000 is an absorbing secret, in which the Department of Justice apparently has not the slightest interest. The entire sum was invested in Liberty bonds, but one wonders in vain who got the others.

Everhart, called as a witness to explain where he got the bonds, refused to tell on the ground that his testimony might incriminate him. His plea was upheld after his lawyer had argued to the court (out of the presence of the jury) that "to force my client to answer this question is to compel him to rivet the chains of the penitentiary upon his own limbs."

For the effect on the jury of this damning testimony and the even more damning refusal to testify, I quote from a statement made by a juror after the jury was dismissed:

> I felt, and I believe the other jurors felt, that the Government had made out a strong case of conspiracy. Of course, we intended to keep open minds until we had heard the defense. But certain things had to be refuted or satisfactorily explained before I could have voted for acquittal. There was all the secrecy, there were the bonds, and, worst

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of all, Everhart's refusal to testify. A man can't incriminate himself by telling the truth unless he is guilty. And if there was guilt in connection with those bonds, Fall must have shared it. Perhaps the defense could have explained it, but I didn't see how. There seemed to me only one sensible conclusion.

And this from another juror:

Remember, we only heard one side. But to my mind, all this secrecy and lying, and this refusal to testify, pointed to just one thing—guilt. How would the defense have explained it?

The enormously distinguished and incredibly suave Mr. Martin Littleton, chief counsel for Sinclair, in outlining his case to the jury had promised to show three things, namely:

1. That Fall never sought control of the reserves, but that the transfer was urged upon him by Secretary of the Navy Denby.

2. That the leasing was made necessary by the danger of drainage.

3. That the secrecy was due to military necessities.

Now the law may or may not be an ass, but those who contend it is will find a juicy argument in the circumstance that the Supreme Court of the United States, in canceling the Teapot Dome lease, has considered and rejected each of these three pleas. Moreover, it took occasion to comment on them specifically and in language that can be described as brutal. It said

1. That Fall persistently sought control of the reserves, and when he had obtained it wrote in "an exultant mood" to E. L. Doheny that it would no longer be necessary to consult the Navy Department in any leasing negotiations.

2. That there never was any imminent danger of drainage, and it would be immaterial if there had been, the only material fact being whether Fall had any good reason to believe that such danger existed when he made the lease. It held that he did not.

3. That "there never was any legitimate reason for secrecy."

Yet under the law and the rules of evidence, Littleton was permitted to make to the jury these pleas which already had been discredited and repudiated by the highest court in the land! Not only was he permitted, but he was entirely willing! Not only was he permitted and willing, but he was protected by the rule which prevented the prosecution from disclosing to the jury the Supreme Court's ruling!

Thus matters stood when the sleuthing activities of the Burns men put a summary end to the trial, and nullified all of Roberts's brilliant and effective work. It is likely that the grand jury will have reported before this is printed; if present indications hold true, there will have been indictments.

Meantime, Messrs. Blackmer and O'Neill sojourn pleasantly in Europe, defying all attempts to obtain their testimony. Have those great industrial captains who control the oil industry endeavored to persuade their fugitive subordinates to obey their Government's summons, and return? I have not heard of it. I heard the former Republican Governor of New York, Nathan L. Miller, declare that he had advised Blackmer to disobey the subpoena.

Fall and Sinclair were not on trial here, and they will not be on trial when the case is reopened in January. They have been tried by the Supreme Court, and found guilty. Justice itself is on trial. The jury system is on trial. The honor and patriotism of American business and industry are on trial. Shall I say that the ethics of the legal profession are on trial? Ah, I see the suave Mr. Littleton rising to object, and, like Mr. Roberts, I withdraw the point, and let the case rest on the record.

England's Economic Plight

By JOHN A. HOBSON

London, October 30

ALTHOUGH a few politicians and business men have been seeing visions of an approaching boom in British industry and commerce, hard facts and figures give them no support. The longest and deepest depression recorded in our modern industrial annals remains unabated. The slight signs of recovery, exhibited last spring in bank clearings, iron and steel output, and in exports, have passed away. The unemployment figure still stands well over the million, below which it has never fallen since the 1920 collapse of post-war prosperity. Large bodies of the younger workers have never been in regular employment: they have been kept living in compulsory idleness these many years upon the "dole" provided by fellow-workers, employers, and the Government.

The distribution of this unemployment is an interesting clue to our general economic situation. It is mainly concentrated in the industries dependent largely upon export trade, namely, coal, iron, and steel, and their related trades of engineering and shipbuilding, together with the cotton and woolen trades. The high rate of unemployment in the former of these two groups is manifestly due in large measure to the artificial inflation given them by the demands of war, though a good recovery of European and world trade would probably by this time have absorbed the enlarged output of which these trades were capable. For a good recovery would have precluded the erection of tariff barriers behind which continental nations have set up protected industries for the production of goods which otherwise they would have bought more cheaply from Great Britain. Thus our trade depression is closely linked with the bad politics and economics of a war-racked world.

The Balfour Commission in their "Survey" point out that the weakness in our export trade is not peculiar to Britain but belongs to the general state of international trade. For several separate expert computations indicate that the share of Britain in the total export trade of the world shows no considerable reduction. Indeed, the Balfour Committee find that in comparing 1913 and 1924 the proportion of British to world exports rises from 13 per cent to 14 per cent. But the actual reduction in the volume of our export trade by one-fifth is sufficient in itself to account for the bulk of our unemployment.

The trades which are prosperous and show little unemployment fall under two categories. First come those sheltered from foreign competition by the nature of the

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goods or services they supply, such as building, printing and paper, public utilities (gas, water, electricity, and transport), drink industries, laundries, and the distributive trades. Secondly, comes a cluster of luxury trades, beer, tobacco, motor cars, artificial silk, candy, and the broad class of amusements, sports, and recreations, such as cinemas, broadcasting, racing, and betting. The evident increase of expenditure upon these and other forms of luxury seems at first sight in strange contradiction to the prevalent belief in industrial depression. It is in part explained by changes in the distribution of the national income. Sir Josiah Stamp and Dr. Bowley, two of our most competent statisticians, have shown by careful analyses that the total real income of Great Britain and Northern Ireland has risen by 1 or 2 per cent since 1911, but that since the population meanwhile increased the income per head has fallen some 5 per cent. But the disposal of this income among the various classes of the community has shifted. Sections of the landed aristocracy, and many wealthy families divorced from industry and living on fixed-interest securities, have lost heavily. The same is true of retired middle-class people who have found the purchasing power of their savings halved, and of most professional families whose incomes have not risen proportionately to the rise of prices. On the other hand, the war left behind it a crop of profiteers, new rich, who have developed a great spending power. On a somewhat lower level of post-war prosperity may be placed large bodies of retail traders, especially in the drapery and other clothing trades and in certain food trades. This continued prosperity of retailers throughout our period of depression is probably attributable to several causes. When wholesale prices fell substantially, as they did in 1920 and after, retail prices did not follow suit. Retailers were aware that their customers had got accustomed to the high prices of war and post-war years, and by formal or tacit agreement they conspired to maintain those prices, or to make reductions far less than corresponded with the cuts in the prices they paid to the wholesale merchant or manufacturer. Drapers have everywhere made good profits, largely from the increased wages and purchasing power which the new era brought to women, just as the brewers have gained much from the rise of wages in the unskilled male trades. Thus both among the industrial and the commercial classes large new sections have been endowed with substantial means to add new comforts and luxuries to their standard of living.

Taking the national income as a whole, we find a post-war distribution somewhat more favorable to labor, or rather to certain laboring classes. The Balfour Committee puts the matter quite succinctly in stating that

> It is a legitimate inference from the available data that, in industries in which time rates of wages prevail, skilled workers employed in industries directly exposed to foreign competition were in 1924 on the average less well off than before the war, while on the other hand unskilled workers generally, and workers both skilled and unskilled in the so-called "sheltered" industries, have, generally speaking, if with some exceptions, improved their average position as regards purchasing power.

Messrs. Stamp and Bowley take an even more favorable view of the working-class situation, finding that in some great industries "earnings have increased much more rapidly than piece or time rates" (owing to improved equipment and organization), that "there has been some change-over from time to piece rates," and some shifting from worse-paid to better-paid occupations—all factors counting toward a higher weekly income. Generally speaking, wage-earning women and unskilled men have made a substantial real advance in wages, while the great majority of skilled workers make at least as much as in 1911, for a somewhat shorter working day. Though these estimates are strictly applicable to 1924, there is no ground for holding that since then any material change has taken place. There are many less formal testimonies to the fact that in most industrial centers, outside the area of large unemployment, the standard of living of most workers is noticeably higher than in pre-war times, their leisure larger, and their expenditures upon cheap luxuries and recreations markedly enlarged.

These brighter features of the situation do not, however, dispose of the serious condition of our export trade and of the heavy burden of the million unemployed. Moreover, our brief survey, if correct, shows that we are barely holding our earlier position in volume of production, in a world where science has made so many and such rapid advances in technique and organization that in most industries large increases of output per worker are attainable. Moreover, the most seriously injured of our trades are those upon which our past industrial and commercial supremacy appeared to be most solidly founded, viz., coal, iron and steel, shipbuilding, machinery, cotton, and wool. To get these great industries once again in active and prosperous condition is a vital necessity to a country so dependent upon foreign trade. For though the decline in our birth-rate is rapidly diminishing the growth of population, there is no likelihood that we can sensibly reduce our dependence upon foreign supplies of foods and the raw materials for our industries. No agricultural reforms attainable at an early date could do more than offset the continuous, though declining, growth of our population. If, therefore, we are to make any progress in our standards of production and consumption, we must sensibly enlarge our export trade. This lesson has recently been driven home by some alarmist figures, published by the Board of Trade, relating to our trade balance. In 1925 the estimated surplus of our visible and invisible exports over our imports amounted to £54,000,000. For 1926 there was no surplus. We barely paid our way and had no balance for further investment abroad, in order to provide for further needs in the future. Yet, according to the Midland Bank statement for 1926, we invested not less than £112,000,000 outside this country! It has been suggested that foreign balances, put into London temporarily and at short call, have been utilized for loans abroad and are included in the Midland Bank estimate. But this would be too obviously unsafe. It is possible, indeed, that considerable sums, payable in New York and other foreign countries as interest on British investments abroad, have been reinvested in foreign loans without figuring in our records of import and export trade. But it is also probable that some considerable error has crept into the method by which this disturbing estimate has been obtained. For nothing can be more certain than that export of capital, in the form of investment, must be accompanied at no distant date by export of goods and services which must figure in the trade balance.

How to get a genuine move on in our export trade is a problem that is getting on the nerves not only of our business men but of our economists. Dr. Pigou (the successor of Dr. Marshall at Cambridge) urges a reduction in wages

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as a prime condition of reduced unemployment and improved trade. High wages and high prices in our sheltered trades mean high costs of production for our export trades and a corresponding inability to enlarge our foreign markets. He finds "strong prima-facie ground for holding that the wage earners have set their rates too high to allow of normal employment in present economic conditions, even although all the war-time maladjustments were overcome." Others lay chief stress upon the decline in the rate of savings, or provision of new capital. It is generally agreed that the new distribution of national income has had this result. Total savings, it is estimated, have fallen from something like 16 per cent of the general income, in 1911, to 12 or 13 per cent in recent years. This is imputed partly to general extravagance, a psychological war-product, partly to high taxation raiding the normal savings-fund. It is indubitable that some considerable reduction in the rate of saving has occurred. But those who hold this accountable for unemployment and failure of export trade, may be reminded that during this period of depression actual capital in the shape of plant has not been lacking, and that the financial world has been perfectly prepared to finance any business which could show that it could sell at a profitable price the goods which the available labor and plant could produce. It is difficult to understand why increased savings, that is to say, the application of more productive power to capital goods and less to consumptive goods, would under such circumstances do anything but harm. Cheaper money and cheaper labor might enable our export trades to secure a little more of the diminished export trade of the world. But it would be attained at a heavy damage, not only to the standard of living of the workers, but to the trades supplying their reduced demand for consumable goods.

It will not be by such niggling economies that Britain's trade recovery can be compassed, but by such reorganization alike of the technique and the government of industry as the ablest minds both among our business men and our politicians are beginning to plan. Broader-minded industrialists are awakening to these needs. The principle of combination is displacing the old faith in competition. Trusts and cartels which were anathema before the war are now in favor in almost every quarter. Even labor politicians support them as stepping-stones toward socialism. But successful organization along these lines demands industrial peace between capital and labor. Here also big industrialists show more liberal minds than heretofore. Sir Alfred Mond, president of the great chemical combine, has just launched a proposal of share-purchase on favorable terms to employees, in conjunction with a system of representative control through works councils, which, it is hoped, may reconcile the interests of the two main factors in industry and usher in a new era of peace and productivity.

How far or how fast such a plan is generally applicable remains to be seen. A strong monopoly in an industry like chemicals, in control of a lucrative and growing market, can well afford to purchase industrial peace by concessions that do not seriously weaken expert administration or the profits of big owners. But the trouble Mr. Keynes is having in his gallant effort to induce the Lancashire cotton spinners to enter an effective combine for their evident advantage well illustrates the difficulties which beset the path of industrial reformers in this country. The typical business man is still afraid of compromising his liberty by entering any close and binding arrangement with other firms. Nor is he easily persuaded to grant to a representative body of his employees any real voice in the control of "his" business. The strong survival of this absolute spirit of sovereignty is the great obstacle to industrial as it is to international peace. It is incompatible with the growing intelligence and self-respect of the workers. The organization of industry for successful production upon modern lines is first and foremost an organization of the wills and intelligences of all the human beings who by active participation are interested in the output. This is, indeed, an obvious truth, a truism, but to incorporate it in our economic system means the scrapping of a large number of obsolete yet obdurate ideas.

Ruth Elder's Revolt

By RUSSELL OWEN

"HOW do you like me now?" is Ruth Elder's attitude toward life. This girl who hopped into an airplane after powdering her nose and flew to what many thought was certain death, but which turned out to be a miraculous rescue in a year of desperate aviation, had her eye on the beholder.

In everything she does she seems consciously trying to be picturesque, and almost invariably she succeeds. The zest with which she impresses this side of her odd, and yet exceedingly simple, personality on people causes them to forgive her pose. Of course she poses, but she does it well and enthusiastically.

It is not conceit which makes Miss Elder lean against a propeller with her hands in the pockets of her knickerbockers and beam at the camera. Not at all. She wants her place in the sun, she wants to be admired, and she goes about obtaining admiration as methodically as she handed drills to the dentist for whom she worked. She is a thoroughly sophisticated, likable, and good-looking young woman, who knows what she is about.

Hers is a revolt which is common in these days, but with her it has taken an unusual direction. She was determined to get out of the commonplace if she killed herself doing it. Marriage and work as a stenographer and dentist's assistant had not satisfied her lingering desire to do something in the world which she could look back upon as having been a fair attempt at getting a "kick" out of life. She needed something more; and if fame came with it, so much the better.

One night in New York shortly before her flight Ruth Elder was talking with a man who had been deputed to persuade her to give it up. Aviation was suffering from the misfortunes which had overtaken so many men and women, and manufacturers were justifiably against any more disasters. The man asked Miss Elder to try and explain why she was determined to go on.

"Well, I've lived a while without amounting to a plugged nickel," she said. "I want to do something that will make people notice me, that may give me an opportunity to get somewhere in the world. That's why I want to make this flight."

"Is it worth risking your life?"

"Yes, it is. If I make it, I may amount to something. If I don't, it won't make any difference anyway."

It was probably the desire for thrills which made her

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learn to fly. Much to her own surprise she became a good pilot, due to her devil-may-care attitude. She learned to stunt a plane, doing with dexterity things which many older pilots never do better. Ruth was greeted rather skeptically when she came to New York, and doubts of her ability to fly were heard on Curtiss Field. It was a sheepish group which met her when she climbed out of her plane after showing them what she could do.

After that there was no doubt of her popularity among those who met her at the field. She was a thoroughly good fellow, she met everyone on his own ground. Pilots liked her and so did newspaper reporters. Particularly did the photographers like her, for she would pose at the slightest suggestion. She bounced about in her knickers and gay sweaters and bandeau, powdering her nose at intervals, standing with one foot on the running-board of an automobile or on the wheel of her plane—always looking as if she wanted to know if she wasn't rather nice. If the photographers had realized that once upon a time she had taken part in a bathing-beauty contest they would probably have asked her to dig out the bathing suit. And she would have done so.

But with all her feminine gaiety there is a solid streak of disillusionment and sophistication in Ruth Elder. She takes things as she finds them and expresses no surprise. She knows the world well. Certain little reservations she has, which are quite as odd as the rest of her. She doesn't smoke, for instance. But she will sit around a convivial board with a group of pilots and be at home.

A famous pilots' organization adopted her as an honorary member. That in itself means much, for it is hard to get into that secret order and no one can do so who is not a regular fellow. The night she was welcomed as the only American woman member the party was gay, and one man broke into enthusiastic profanity. He was thrown out by a dozen strong arms, but Ruth Elder smiled and told them to forget it.

Now Ruth has her place in the sun. Half of her purpose is accomplished. People know who she is because she took a method of freeing herself from anonymity which most persons—and particularly those who criticize her—would walk around carefully for a long time and then let severely alone. And some who laugh at her longing for the spotlight may remember the avidity with which they have pounced upon their own names in the newspapers. It is all a matter of degree, this desire for publicity, and Ruth Elder went after hers with a wholehearted frankness which seems rather admirable.

Someone asked Senator Thomas H. Benton, a famous old warrior of pre-Civil War days, why he scrubbed himself in cold water with a currycomb. Senator Benton said: "Because the Roman gladiators did it, sir."

It all depends on the point of view.

Next Week

"Al" Smith

by Oswald Garrison Villard

The second in a series of intimate studies of Presidential possibilities.

In the Driftway

TWO tragedies of the high seas, recorded in the newspapers lately, carry one back to the isolation which brooded over the deep before the coming of wireless telegraphy and are a reminder that modern inventions sometimes imperil life rather than safeguard it. The installation of a gasoline motor in the Japanese fishing smack Ryo Yei Maru, and the dependence placed upon it, seems to have been responsible for the harrowing fate which slowly overtook the crew of the vessel as it drifted over the solitary reaches of the Pacific Ocean. The Ryo Yei was picked up off the coast of Washington early in November and towed to Port Townsend. Two of the crew of twelve men were found, partly mummified, in bunks in the cabin of the smack. On deck were the whitened bones of seven or eight other men, the evidence indicating, so physicians decided, that cannibalism had been resorted to before the last members of the crew had perished of starvation. A note was discovered, written on March 6, last, saying that the ship had left Japan on December 5, 1926 (almost a year before she was found off the coast of Washington), and that the motor engine had broken down while the men were fishing, leaving the vessel to drift helplessly across the Pacific until food and water were exhausted and hope was abandoned.

* * * * *

THE newspaper accounts of the Ryo Yei spoke of the remnants of sails in the rigging, but it seems likely that these were of a makeshift or ineffective sort, because the note left by the crew made no mention of storms such as might have disabled sound canvas. If the Ryo Yei had carried reserve sails probably she could have made port.

* * * * *

IN the case of the other disaster recently recounted in the press, a gasoline motor was again in evidence, but in this instance a long-headed skipper possibly saved himself and the eight other men in his crew by getting rid of the motor rather than putting his faith in it. When the four-masted schooner Horatio G. Foss showed signs of foundering 200 miles northeast of Bermuda Captain William D. Potter decided to abandon the vessel and, as a newspaper put it, "ordered the heavy motor taken out of the ship's lifeboat to accommodate the crew." Perhaps he acted not so much to make more room—there were only nine men to be embarked—as to lessen the weight and make the boat more seaworthy. Anyhow the crew attempted to make Bermuda by the aid of oars and some jury-rigged sails.

* * * * *

IT was a narrow squeak. For six days and seven nights the crew of the Foss lived and fought Atlantic tempests in their open boat. The Negro cook, crazed with fright, lay in the bottom of the frail craft holding fast to a prayer-book and wailing religious songs. Once the men were within a mile of the north reef of the islands, but were caught by a contrary gale and buffeted away. Finally they were sighted and picked up by the steamship Volendam on her way back from Hamilton with members of the Savings Banks Association of the State of New York who had been in convention in Bermuda. Probably the bankers will never again assist in any saving as thrilling as that of the crew of the Horatio G. Foss.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Twenty-Three!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Darwin didn't finish his job. It is curious to note how the theory of evolution, in application, skips a beat now and then. That Boston librarian, you remember, who canceled his subscription to *The Nation*—why should he still be an amoeba when you and I are *so* advanced?

I suppose it's all in the point of view. But "Honi soit qui jamais pense." Permit me to replace the eminent librarian's subscription with my own—just as good, and likely to last longer. If, further, you care to give me an idea of how many subscriptions you lost for your Sacco and Vanzetti work, I will undertake to make them all good—within reason, within reason. Be honest!

New York, October 28 ROGER WILLIAM RIIS

Humanity and Immigration Laws

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following wireless dispatch was just received on our ship: "Unless insane seaman [is] American citizen, impossibility landing account immigration laws. Recommend making other port."

Now turn to this freighter whose captain, not an American citizen, has been suddenly struck down with violent frenzy. There are eleven cabin passengers on board, eight of them American citizens. When the dispatch arrived, they had to cling hard to their national pride. The next port is seven days away. On the ship there are only the most primitive accommodations for such contingencies—no doctor, and only first-aid medical supplies. The coolness and efficiency of the officers and crew are winning universal admiration from the passengers, but the strain is beginning to tell on us all. For comfort we know that some laws are enforced to the last jot and tittle. But we ask ourselves, during this week of Inferno to which we are condemned, whether it is not possible to bring to the attention of our law-makers the brutal inhumanity of an immigration law which gives no discretionary power even to officials in important ports.

At Sea, July 3 BENJ. M. WOODBRIDGE

Capital Punishment in Germany

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy has given a new momentum in Germany to the question of the abolition of capital punishment. In view of the work of our American League for the Abolition of Capital Punishment I should like to call attention to a petition which has been signed by a group of notable German jurists and professors:

> The undersigned jurists acknowledge with satisfaction the measures of improvement, of prevention, and of protection with which the proposed new German Criminal Code endeavors to fight the causes of crime, and to find proper preventive measures for the culprit rather than merely exercising reprisals for the misdeed.
>
> All the more so do they deplore the retention of the death penalty provided for—and approved by the Reichsrat—which so grossly contradicts the spirit of this modern legal work, and which gravely jeopardizes the realization of that judicial community with Austria which was prepared with the valuable cooperation of the brotherland.
>
> Whereas, the death penalty never fulfils its purpose of intimidation by a public execution;
>
> Whereas, the general sentiment for justice, fostered by the growing enlightenment of the people, rejects it more and more;
>
> Whereas, society does not need in any way this brutal and for that reason brutalizing method of punishment for its protection;
>
> Whereas, finally, the best legal administration is unable to exclude grave miscarriages of justice, the undersigned petition the German Reichstag for the abolition of the death penalty.

The movement for the abolition of capital punishment in Germany has been going on for nearly sixty years and it is at present on its way to the Reichstag where it appears to those who know most about the facts hopeful of success. I read also that Russia is vigorously taking up the question.

New York, October 25 MARGUERITE TUCKER

Hendrik van Loon and Rosika Schwimmer

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few months ago when Henry Ford went to Canossa I was asked by one of the Jewish papers why, in my humble opinion, the excellent Henry, who cares not a whit for abstract ideas, had become so violently anti-Semitic. I ventured to suggest that Rosika Schwimmer was at the bottom of this primitive Fordian emotion. I said that this strong-minded woman seems to have been able to persuade Henry that the war would come to an end as soon as the belligerents of Europe had been made to understand in some visible way that the honest folk of America abhorred their sanguinary doings; that Henry had allowed himself to be persuaded and had filled a ship with rather nondescript enthusiasts; that many of those enthusiasts had turned the trip into a joy-ride, making Henry look ridiculous, and that as a result of this unfortunate affair Henry had turned anti-Semite."

I still believe that guess to be entirely correct. Mrs. Schwimmer with her brilliant power of plausible reasoning must have found it comparatively easy to influence the simple-minded First Citizen of Detroit. When the expedition turned into a farce, it was just as natural that the simple-minded F. C. o. D. should have revaluated his anger into a silly gesture of Jew-baiting. Ever since my mail has been filled with angry protests from participants in the famous peregrination to the Northland. I have been denounced in no uncertain terms. I have been accused of hitting a woman in the back. I have been told that I had become unfaithful to my own liberal convictions. I have been warned that if I did not retract every word, they, my correspondents, would refuse to buy any more of my books. In short, I have been called every sort of a wood-pussy for expressing what was and is my most sincere opinion.

Why this statement should have been construed as an attack upon Mrs. Schwimmer only the intolerant gods of self-righteousness know. What I said seemed all rather rudimentary to me. Mrs. Schwimmer was and undoubtedly still is a strong character, a woman possessed of tremendous strength of will, a woman who most unselfishly has fought the good fight for a less idiotic and cruel world. I never questioned her motives and I never so much as suggested that she was actuated by anything but the loftiest of ideals. Unfortunately, a man with limited powers of observation and meditation, like Henry Ford, must have resented the fact that he had allowed himself to be "talked" into something he really did not want to do, and must have given expression to his childish anger in some absurd fashion, like the editorial policy of the *Dearborn Independent*.

How anybody could construe my remarks and observations into praise of Henry and attack upon a woman (whom I regret to say we are not allowed to call one of our compatriots) is more than I can understand. Wherefore I deposit this outburst of liberal anger as Exhibit 456,346,682 in my private Museum of Psychological Mysteries, and remain as ever,

Your very obedient cartoonist,

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Westport, Connecticut, October 22

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French Literature Today

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Paris, October 1

THE French literary scene of the moment is hard to describe. There is activity; there is nothing salient. One has a sense of people rushing hither and thither with little to do. Or of people saying in their sub-consciousness: We have a great literature. It has always gone on and on—unthinkable that it shouldn't go on now. In this situation it is depressing to find men from the aged Paul Bourget to the younger and youngest quite sure that all will be mended if only time can be turned backward and the revolution undone. Luckily it can't. The glory of France is not wholly extinguished. She offers asylum to those whom Mussolini exiles; the other day in Strasbourg I heard thousands singing the Internationale in German without a policeman in sight. The Right and the Left were at one on Sacco and Vanzetti.

It is these vestiges of the great and lasting France that make contemporary writing seem so feeble and futile. It is full of a hard and tired exoticism as in the popular novels of Blaise Cendrars and Paul Morand, whose "Bouddha Vivant" is one of the successes of the year; there is hard and violent preciosity, as in the novels of Jean Geraudoux, or a weary and constricted naturalism, as in those of Francis Mauriac. The Tharaud brothers go on journalistically disapproving of the earth and M. Paul Claudel (quaint ambassador from an anti-clerical republic to a democracy) discovers with Chesterton that farce and faith are one ("Deux Farces Lyriques").

It is at least arguable that in France, classic land of the novel, the novel is slowly perishing. Hence perhaps the enormous popularity of the novelized biography—"Le Roman des Grands Existences." The Liszt of Pourtalès, the Wagner of Barthou have found their way, I believe, to America, as did the Shelley of Maurois. There is now a Rimbaud, a Rivarol, a Villon, a Descartes, a Baudelaire and, above all at this very moment, the Disraeli of M. André Maurois. Nor must I forget G. Oudard's "La Très Curieuse Vie de Law" and Dumont-Wilden's "La Vie de Charles Joseph de Ligne." Biography of one kind or another is usurping the role of imaginative narrative. One's attitude to this new *genre* must remain a matter of taste and instinct. To some scrupulous minds this mixture of fact and fiction is highly irritating.

I am not sure but what the most hopeful things in literary France today are, on the one hand, such scientific preoccupations as the R. Père Jousse's researches in the psychology of speech and, on the other, the unwonted hospitality extended to foreign literature as, for instance, in Stock's excellent series "Le Cabinet Cosmopolite." A unique phenomenon, the significance of which still eludes interpretation, is the evident influence upon all the most sensitive minds of France of the great German poet, Rainer Maria Rilke. Another phenomenon that may be noted here is the fairly sudden but widespread and not at all faddish interest in the Freudian psychology.

Anyone, however, who desires seriously and from a point of view that embraces more than the moment to gain an insight into the trend of literature and literary thinking in France can do no better than to read M. Paul Souday's three slender volumes (issued together and not obtainable separately) on Marcel Proust, André Gide, and Paul Valéry. M. Souday is not a great critic and objectivity is assuredly not his most shining quality. But he is sensitive, agile-minded, infinitely involved with the men and movements he delineates, and one can be immensely instructed by reading not only his lines but between his lines.

It is agreed on all hands that Marcel Proust is the last very great Frenchman of letters. There is not only M. Souday's volume. Gallimard is starting the publication of "Les Cahiers Marcel Proust" with "Hommage à Marcel Proust." Very well. And what, not seeking for a moment to deny the extremely high talent and even originality of that strange and unfortunate man, what was Marcel Proust? What were the sources of his work? He was a valetudinarian, a *half*-Jew, and a homosexual. Tragedy enough, heaven knows, for one poor devil in such a world as this. But elevated minds have been known to wring triumph from their inferiorities and abnormalities. Proust became a snob. In a series of volumes not yet completed he analyzed, with preternatural acuteness, with talent, with genius, if you will, the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain. And by and large he took these ladies and gentlemen at their own valuation. . . . Is that an extra-literary judgment? I think not. But that discussion would lead me too far. It will not be denied, at all events, that the unbounded influence of a writer of this kind and character is hardly likely to make for a powerful, a manly, and a philosophic temper among the youngsters who come after him.

Then there is M. André Gide, luckily still alive and very flourishing and very acute and gifted and learned and a critic of a high order. In his more or less creative work he began with a complete nihilism, with "the most biting derision of the human mind, which neither truth nor error can affect." He proceeded to do something which he called the "pure novel" and which turns out to be the novel stripped as far as possible of all its elements of both life and thought. Nevertheless he imitates both Goethe and Flaubert in order to delineate a group of gentlemen who share the tastes in love and life of Proust's M. de Charlus and *his* friends. And finally, after describing in certain autobiographical volumes his "corydonneries arabes" he ends for the present with "Numquid et tu?" an account of his conversion, a tract that recalls the Salvation Army. M. Gide safe in the arms of Jesus! Satire could invent nothing further. And that—yes, I have stuck to literature and not moralized, for moral questions in literature are not questions of fact but of spiritual tone and tissue—and that is the second of the great writers of contemporary France.

Fortunately there is a third. There is M. Paul Valéry, a strict and profound thinker, a poet who at least in "Le Cimitière marin" touches greatness, an admirable stylist, a mind once free and elevated. Yet how tiny is his output and how melancholy and disillusioned and dry the inner spirit of his work. Here is a talent fine in tone and temper, but without richness or vitality or triumph. The last elected of the forty immortals has, perhaps, a touch of immortality in his work. He will not keep the young men from either exoticism or stultification, from Indo-China or Chartres. . . .

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In a notable passage Rémy de Gourmont explained long ago how nearly all great and fruitful literary movements in all countries were first inspired and fructified from without, and how these movements lost thereby nothing of their native taste and tang. It is such a fructifying influence that is needed in France today and the country's soundest instincts are reaching out for it. The results may come slowly; they will be fascinating to watch.

German Literature Today

By ARTHUR ELOESSER

Berlin, October 15

TO understand present-day German literature it is necessary to go back a generation. In the year 1892, one of the proudest in the history of our letters, appeared "Die Weber," by Gerhart Hauptmann, "Blätter für die Kunst," by Stefan George, and "Frühlings Erwachen," by Frank Wedekind. Each of these three works, apart from its intrinsic value, expressed a different program of fundamental ideas; and together they represent the three most important currents that have enriched our literature to this day.

"Die Weber," appearing at a time when socialism was still a religion, a messianic ideal, remains the classical work of German naturalism, and is the noblest document of our social experience. To the east of us with the Slavs this naturalism assumed a religious tinge, while to the west among the Romance nations it became colored with atheism; yet its works always had in common the purpose of arraigning society. They taught the sacredness of suffering and brought consolation through the idea of redemption. Naturalism dominated German literature until it lost force through its own lack of ideas, or became dissipated by assuming the decadent attitude which heralded in a weak and tired mood the decline of the West.

When Stefan George stepped forth from esoteric isolation, with his "Blätter für die Kunst," he erected a temple to which the modern man with his burdens and sorrows was denied access. Art should have nothing to do with the present, with civilization, or with the needs of society; it should live for itself, imperturbable in that realm of ideas which makes Plato and Nietzsche contemporaries in a timeless world. As this school of pure form did not interest itself in the problems of the present, it was natural that it found its highest expression, not in the drama or the novel, but in the lyric. Today Stefan George is the only poet representing this art, the only priest in a temple of prophecy.

"Frühlings Erwachen" went beyond naturalism; and so did Wedekind's later works, in which he seemed to speak from a platform, endeavoring to persuade and convince us. It is astonishing with what scandalous and hypnotic audacity this Satan ventured upon the most secret problems of the sexual life, emphasizing not existing conditions but their inevitable consequences. Thus he presented a challenge: he wanted to make life once again healthy, fresh, and virtuous by freeing people from their miserable subservience to sexual humbuggery and from the curse of hypocrisy. All of his writings are arguments and documents whose passionate subjectivism protests equally against the passive faithfulness of naturalism to reality and against the marble-like objectivity of Stefan George's school.

Wedekind is the father of expressionism, which has also been called activism because it voices an appeal for action. All the plays which followed—and for a time the development of our literature centered in the drama—show his influence, while the role of naturalism seemed to have been exhausted in Gerhart Hauptmann. After Wedekind came Sternheim, Kaiser, Sorge, and Hasenclever; and among the youngest of the present day Bronnen and Brecht. Together they preached: You must change your ways or the world—at least your bourgeois world—will perish. All of these poets who had the accent of the future felt in their bones the coming war and revolution. The poets, too, and the story-tellers preached the coming dawn. Franz Werfel appeared, like a new Jeremiah warning Jerusalem, and Georg Heym, who died young like Arthur Rimbaud, sketched in blood-red visions the terrors that would come over Europe.

It is the misfortune of the writers of today that war and revolution actually came. Furthermore, Germany lies half-way between East and West and today more than ever is forced to choose between them. The radical critic says: It is for you to mold the memory of the war, and to carry out the revolution in literature. Today all problems touch all mankind; and the bourgeoisie with its smashed ideals is no longer mankind. Its humanism is an anachronism, as is the whole European tradition of culture and art. Art, too, needs a dictatorship of the proletariat to free us from class and restore us to humanity. Look toward Russia, which makes such beautiful films. Do not be afraid of the new technique in the new art of movies, of radio, of the inventions which conquer time and space. Art, too, needs mass production. Solve the problems of the day; otherwise you will lose the tempo of the age.

Literature was expected to react immediately to all that stirred the people. Our poets were compelled to take long strides in order to keep step with the "tempo of the age"; and they were soon worn and breathless. Temporarily they eased the situation by depreciating the older generation and by overestimating their own contributions. Gerhart Hauptmann, they thought, was finished; while little Ernst Toller satisfied them. Stefan George was relegated to limbo and the too bourgeois Wedekind was counted only as the father of a technique of playwriting. To speak of the "tempo of the age" is to use a frightful slogan, because tempo has nothing to do with the technique in art. The century of Shakespeare and Bacon, as well as the eighteenth century, felt the buoyancy of conscious progress despite the fact that the thoughts of Goethe and Kant could be neither telephoned nor cabled.

The youth of today has not the good fortune to be represented by outstanding personalities. To some, absorbed in games and dancing, this inarticulateness means nothing; others sadly explain that their spokesmen lie buried in the fields of Flanders. Indeed an entire generation of literature seems to be missing. The novelist, Alfred Döblin, a sort of expressionistic fresco painter, was for a time regarded as a leading literary spirit, but he is now almost fifty and no longer radical. Franz Werfel has ceased prophesying, but writes plays adapted to the needs of the theater. The younger dramatists who were generally regarded as expressing the tempo of the age have not stood up. The lyric as always has its talented exponents, but today no one has the magic of Rainer Maria Rilke, who recently died, or the power of Richard Dehmel, whom the workmen called "Father Dehmel" though he was not at all political.

Those who are now in their thirties have no spokesman;

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those who are in their forties, although they experienced the war and the revolution and should have expressed their significance, have despite vigorous efforts proved equally sterile. The important and representative works today still come from the older generation. One need only mention Thomas Mann, who openly confesses to be a bourgeois.

"The Magic Mountain," in spite of what its author may have absorbed from the decadents and from Nietzsche, belongs to the tradition of Goethe and Gottfried Keller. Mann's motto is Humanity in the new-old sense, and this is true also of Wassermann, of Heinrich Mann, and of Hermann Hesse—even when they express themselves in terms of Buddhist ethics. Their ideal is a democracy which redeems itself through the social consciousness but, through cultivation of personality, becomes again aristocratic. The roots of our literature still receive their nourishment from that older source which fed them forty years ago. The post-revolutionary, radical critic cannot alter this. Personalities prove to be more steadfast than programs.

The expected transvaluation of all values did not occur, and we are in a period of restoration. Now one speaks in Germany, as in Europe generally, of "the new objectivity"—an abashed expression for our return not only to tradition but also to nature, both of which expressionism sought to ignore. Work is being done with greater care, and technique is again respected as the golden foundation of all art. Our poets again have their feet on the ground after a period of fluttering in the air. Writers are no longer judged by their politics, but by the talents with which the sacred partiality of nature has covered them. The creative man does not permit the dictation of his task or purpose; the more he follows his own individual destiny the more he will express his people and mankind. A period of calm has come upon our literature, and with it a greater freedom. If one may prophesy, our literature, emerging from feverish crises, shows signs of a healthier and fruitful development.

A Selected List of the Season's Translations

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS

Barbusse, Henri. Jesus. Macaulay. $2.50.
Baudelaire, Charles. Letters. Translated by Arthur Symons. Boni. $4.
Bidou, Henri. Chopin. Knopf. $3.50.
Brousson, Jean Jacques. Anatole France Abroad. Holt. $3.
Carco, Francis. The Romance of Villon. Knopf. $5.
Croce, Benedetto. An Autobiography. Oxford University.
Emperor Frederick III. War Diary. 1870-1871. Stokes. $5.
Franz Joseph. As Revealed by His Letters. Stokes. $5.
Herold, A. F. Life of Buddha. Boni. $3.
Jean-Aubry, G. Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters. Doubleday, Page. 2 vols. $10.
Landucci, Luca. A Florentine Diary. Dutton. $3.
Ludwig, Emil. Bismarck: The Story of a Fighter. Little, Brown. $5.
Ludwig, Emil. Genius and Character. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Paléologue, Maurice. Cavour. Harper. $5.
Van Gogh, Vincent. The Letters of. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. $20.
Vollard, Ambroise. Degas: An Intimate Portrait. Greenberg. $3.
Youssoupoff, Prince Felix. Rasputin. Dial Press. $5.

DRAMA

Gogol, Nikolai. The Gamblers and Marriage. Macaulay. $2.50.
Machiavelli, Nicolo. Mandragola. Macaulay. $2.50.

ECONOMICS, POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY

Delaisi, Francis. Political Myths and Economic Realities. Viking. $5.
Engels, Plekhanov, and Others. Karl Marx; Man, Thinker, and Revolutionist. International. $1.75.
Gandhi, Mahatma. Young India. Viking. $5.

ESSAYS, CRITICISM, LITERARY HISTORY

Faÿ, Bernard. Since Victor Hugo: French Literature of Today. Little, Brown. $2.
Legouis, Emile and Cazamian, Louis. History of English Literature. Vol. II. Macmillan. $6.
Morand, Paul. Europe at Love. Boni & Liveright. $6.
Morand, Paul. Nothing but the Earth. McBride. $3.50.
Spitteler, Carl. Laughing Truths. Putnam. $2.50.

FICTION

Bedier, Joseph. Tristan and Iseult. Translated by Hilaire Belloc. Boni. $2.50.
Busson, Paul. The Man Who Was Born Again. Day. $2.50.
Carco, Francis. Perversité. Pascal Covici. $2.50.
De Gourmont, Remy. The Dream of a Woman. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.
Gide, André. The Counterfeiters. Knopf. $3.
Istrati, Panait. Uncle Anghel. Knopf. $2.50.
Lagerlöf, Selma. Charlotte Löwensköld. Doubleday, Page. $2.50.
Molnar, Ferenc. The Paul Street Boys. Macy-Masius. $2.
Pirandello, Luigi. The Old and the Young. Dutton. $5.
Proust, Marcel. Cities of the Plain. Boni. 2 vols. $15.
Reymont, Ladislas. The Promised Land. Knopf. $5.
Schnitzler, Arthur. Daybreak. Simon and Schuster. $1.50.
Sudermann, Hermann. The Mad Professor. Boni and Liveright. $5.
Thiess, Frank. The Gateway to Life. Knopf. $3.
Tolstoy, Alexis. A Prince of Outlaws. Knopf. $3.
Wassermann, Jacob. World's End. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.
Werfel, Franz. The Man Who Conquered Death. Simon and Schuster. $1.
Zweig, Stefan. Conflicts. Viking. $2.50.

FINE ARTS, MUSIC

Kondokov, N. P. The Russian Ikon. Oxford University.
Le Corbusier. Toward a New Architecture. Payson and Clarke. $5.
Meier-Graeffe, Julius. Cézanne and His Circle. Scribner. $25.
Pijoan, Joseph. A History of Art. Harper. 3 vols. $36.50.
Sabaneyeff, Leonid. Modern Russian Composers. International. $2.75.
Wilenski, R. H. The Modern Movement in Art. Stokes. $5.

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HISTORY

Aulard, A. Christianity and the French Revolution. Little, Brown. $3.

Fay, Bernard. The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

Lutz, Hermann. Lord Grey and the World War. Knopf. $5.

Moret, A. The Nile and Egyptian Civilization. Knopf.

PHILOSOPHY, PSYCHOLOGY, ANTHROPOLOGY

Adler, Alfred. Understanding Human Nature. Greenberg. $3.50.

Cendrars, Blaise. The African Saga. Payson and Clarke. $5.

De Unamuno, Miguel. The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho, Expounded with Comment. Knopf. $5.

Driesch, Hans. Mind and Body. Dial Press. $3.

Freud, Sigmund. Psychoanalysis for Everyone. Brentano's. $2.50.

Hoernle, F. Alfred. Idealism as a Philosophy. Doran. $2.50.

POETRY

Deutsch, Babette and Yarmolinsky, Avrahm. Russian Poetry: An Anthology. International. $2.25.

SCIENCE

Alverdes, Friedrich. Social Life in the Animal World. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

Flammarion, Camille. The End of the World. Appleton. $2.50.

Books

The National Myth

Political Myths and Economic Realities. By Francis Delaisi. The Viking Press. $4.

M. DELAISI here makes a brilliant essay in the economic interpretation of history. In the earlier chapters of his book he traces the growth of the national myth from the peasant's passion of ownership to the idea of a collective ownership of a country by its inhabitants, supported and strengthened by traditions, usually false, of unity of race and culture, and utilizing unity of language and religion for the feeding of the sense of sacred nationality. Tracing the rise of the national state in different European countries from the decay of the feudal system, he illustrates from the French Revolution the new force of the popular myth which inspired the collective consciousness and evoked such heroic efforts and sacrifices from the common people.

But the oft-told tale of the awakening of nationalism and the achievement of national unity throughout Europe in the nineteenth century is but a half-truth in the wider historical interpretation of the age. For while the nations were being thus consolidated and isolated politically by the policy of national unity and sovereignty, they were being disintegrated economically by the new world-system of international cooperation in production, commerce, transport, and finance. Political unity and self-containedness were confronted by economic interdependence. M. Delaisi sets out with an immense variety of evidence the fumbling efforts of statecraft and diplomacy to adjust the national unity to this economic internationalism. Two chief methods are discernible. A nation, fearing and resenting its vital dependence upon outside supplies and markets, may strive to make its economic system conform to its political by developing its own resources and protecting its home industries. But few great modern nations could hope to attain complete success by this method. Limitations of natural supplies and growth of population require access to external sources of food and raw materials, and markets for manufactured goods.

The national myth must be expanded into an imperial myth. Backward countries with the requisite natural resources and populations to exploit them must be brought under the national flag, as colonies, protectorates, mandates, or other forms of satellites. Thus the economy of the modern machine age breeds in the world of political states rival imperialisms, crippling the free development of the world along the lines of a national division of labor and exchange of goods, subjecting the weaker countries to tyrannical control by the stronger (the mission of civilization!) and embroiling the imperialist Powers in ceaseless diplomatic struggles, competitions of armaments, and resultant wars. The story M. Delaisi tells is not new, but he tells it with the more convincing instances which the red glare of the World War exhibits. Brushing aside the chatter of superficial history, he goes down to the bedrock of the economic struggle for his "origin" of the war, the struggles of the great industrialized nations for the countries and the markets of the undeveloped world, especially in Africa and Asia. Here lay the key to all the preliminary conflicts in the Boer War, the Russo-Japanese-Chinese imbroglio, Morocco, the instigated Balkan wars. All were movements toward stronger economic positions with incidental growth of political power and prestige.

M. Delaisi subjects the peace treaties to the scathing criticism they deserve and shows how on every hand they served to aggravate the trouble which the political mythologists pretended to cure. But while the greater part of the book is analytical and historical, it does not leave us in despair. "The origin of the trouble lies in our misguided interpretation of the facts. The difficulties reside not in the things as they are but in our conception of them: they are not material but psychological." M. Delaisi is no state socialist. The state must take a hand, but its interference with the free play of economic forces should be narrowly confined. He looks rather to a constructive government of the world, of which he sees the beginnings in several recent economic enterprises, the International Chamber of Commerce, the International Labor Office at Geneva, and the League of Nations regarded as an instrument for equitable settlement of so-called national disputes which are in their last resort business quarrels.

But to get the full use and growth of a genuinely international government, the extirpation of deep-seated national myths is the first essential.

J. A. HOBSON

Youth of the Continent

The Gateway to Life. By Frank Thiess. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.
Dusty Answer. By Rosamund Lehmann. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THE thinking young men of contemporary Germany divide roughly into two classes: those who have swallowed Spengler and those who have rejected him. In the first division stand those who have thrown over the entire idealistic tradition of the continent, boiled their minds hard, and prepared themselves with a certain grim brutality to take their places in the nascent Germany whose watchwords are to be trade and technique. With a decisive bang they have closed their Goethes; and, should they open a book at all, it is likely to be the popular German translation of Mr. Henry Ford's "My Life and Work." It is the presence of these practical and energetic young men which makes good Americans feel more at home in Berlin than in any other European capital.

Opposed to them are the devotees of an ideology and a metaphysic deeply ingrained in the German character. They are the tender-minded, the idealists, the individualists, the followers of the *Jugendbewegung.* They are puzzled and horrified by the brutal realities of a post-war world. They turn with disgust from trade and technique. Unwilling to recognize the

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corpse of European culture which Spengler's sardonic finger would point out to them, they abandon themselves to high speculation on the cultural future of Germany. They are the Younger Generation, greatly concerned with itself as an important psychic unity. They issue manifestos about changing sex standards and talk unendingly of homo-erotism and the revolt against convention. They are eaten by the maggots of theory.

It is with this latter class of very youthful ideologists that Herr Thiess's interesting novel concerns itself. His characters are a group of over-emotional and over-mental high-school students who talk, study, fall in love, and talk once more in a small South German town. One after another, with a fierce despair, they try to enter into experiences which their highly strung and over-reflective natures foredoom them to be incapable of assimilating. One of them, the most dreamy and addled of the lot, commits a sort of absent-minded suicide. The others—talk. They talk terribly well. They have astoundingly profound ideas on Alcibiadean love, on the status of the family, and their favorite ideals-of-the-semester, purity and freedom. Compared with a representative group of American schoolboys, they sound like a grave collection of Kants and Spinozas. They scorn the philistine, the *Spiesser;* they have even passed beyond the fraternal idealism of the *Wandervögel*—"pasteboard romanticism" as Diedrich contemptuously terms the movement. Their seriousness is preternatural to the point of priggishness. Their spiritual agonizings would make Rousseau hang his heart in shame.

Herr Thiess follows the fortunes of his group of youngsters with so tender a sympathy that his thesis, though unspoken, becomes obvious. To him these adolescent idealists who have read Goethe and Nietzsche at sixteen and examine each slightest experience with a conscientious morbidity—to him these boys are the future of Germany. Herr Thiess loves goodness and sincerity and liberalism and freedom. And so it never occurs to him that his sanctimonious Diedrich and his weak-willed Wolf Brassen and his sentimentally masculine Willi Gast are the last evidences of the dying, not the living Germany. He ignores the obvious fact that their mental self-tortures and their excessive sensitivity are products of a decaying idealism; and that after this last flare-up of cloud-cuckoo culture Germany will, because it must, fall into line and divert the energy of its youth to laboratory and counting-house. His young and tender heroes are horrified at the mere thought of this other Germany. "Slave-morality," they call it, "slave happiness—smiting the foe in all the Vereins of the fatherland, mid beer and cigarette." But it is this very humorless contempt for what is really vital in the fatherland that makes them slightly ridiculous, as a sleep-walker is slightly ridiculous. And it is his passionate espousal of their dying cause that makes Herr Thiess seem a little antiquated and his book a little soft-headed.

Yet his novel enjoys the strength of its defect, for at least it is filled with a sincere moral optimism that lends it a kind of solidity. Miss Lehmann's widely heralded opus, dealing with a very similar group of young people in England, does not possess even this praiseworthy quality. Her style and outlook suffer from the same melancholy anemia which is the keynote of her character. She is so sadly aware that her young people are decadent and rotted at the core. Here we have a group of young men and women in whom the subconscious acceptance of a failing national destiny is so strong as to make them wearily impervious to all experiences save one, and that the most devitalizing and hopeless of them all—romantic love. They mill about and stew around in a sickly vortex of misapplied yearning, trifle dutifully with homosexuality, write love-letters by the ream, sigh, cynicize, and suffer. Over-intelligent though they are they are never once sufficiently intelligent to question calmly the entire problem of romantic passion, to examine it historically as a traditional national weakness, to assign it its increasingly insignificant niche in an increasingly materialistic civilization. They, too, like Herr Thiess's high-school students, are a refined end-product, except that instead of being the end-product of a Teutonic metaphysical tradition they are the decayed remnant of an English agricultural aristocracy whose sentimental ethos is becoming more and more irrelevant in a mechanized universe.

One is minded to recall that inexorable dogma uttered by the Jesuit in Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain": "It is an unloving miscomprehension of youth to believe that it finds its pleasure in freedom; its deepest pleasure lies in obedience." The young people in these two novels have not yet discovered their deepest pleasure.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Sorcellerie Évocatoire

Vers une Alchimie Lyrique. By René Lalou. Vol. 7; *Le XIX^e^ Siècle*, edited by René Lalou. Paris: Les Arts et Le Livre. 12 francs.

M. RENE LALOU is a critic who deserves to be widely read by English-speaking people. His recent work on the modern spirit in France, "Histoire de la Littérature Française," being historical in method, has doubtless tended to obscure his chief distinction as a critic, a distinction everywhere to be found in that volume, yet ambiguously placed. For M. Lalou is primarily—and this is no aspersion of his historical faculty—the aesthetic critic, as this function is understood, not in France, but with us. His critical gift is at its best in the breaking up and the weighing, one aspect against another, of the work of art itself; it is at its best in the present essay.

This volume, and indeed the whole series to which it belongs and of which M. Lalou is the editor, exhibits a new way of presenting problems raised by a writer or a school of writers. It combines the regular critical essay with the idea of the anthology, with the result that we get the model of what every critical anthology ought to be. From the time of the old English collections, like "Tottel's Miscellany" and "The Paradyse of Daintie Devyces," the possibilities of the anthology, a vehicle accidentally hit upon to meet a popular need, have not been much improved upon. Not the miscellaneous representation of persons, but the critical representation of a spirit or a tendency is the true direction which this form of bookmaking should now take.

M. Lalou's subject here is one of great importance to the contemporary scene of letters. French romanticism, besides its own great intrinsic interest, is at once the measure of all that has happened in France since 1860 and the source of those elements in modern English and American poetry which we have now assumed the habit of calling modern. For the poets who write in English, owing to the inaccessibility of their own heritage through the wall of the Victorian age, have looked to France for an example, if not to the romantics themselves, then to their successors, the symbolists, who proceeded from the greatest romantic of them all, Charles Baudelaire. In this instinct for sources the English poet was doubtless right. Gérard de Nerval and Sainte-Beuve, who gave the movement its strongest initial impetus, drew much from Wordsworth and Coleridge; Baudelaire was appreciably formed and matured under the influence of Poe.

No great movement in literature, however, as M. Lalou points out, can be resolved into the mere question of literary contacts. Gérard de Nerval, an older man than Baudelaire, exerted no very considerable influence upon him. Aloysius Bertrand, the author of "Gaspard de la Nuit," a book that contained all the properties of romanticism except their perfection in form, wrote out of the thin air, under no conscious influence whatever. The same thing is true, to a large extent, of the author of "Joseph Delorme"; though the habits of the analyst did much to convince Sainte-Beuve that his attitude was that of a sort of inevitable contemporaneity. Baudelaire, it is true, supposed himself to have been spiritually awakened by Ber-

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Some said, John, print it, others said, Not so;
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—BUNYAN.

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trand and crystallized by Poe. But with them all the source of the romantic spirit went deeper.

M. Lalou's account of Nerval, Bertrand, Sainte-Beuve, and Baudelaire includes some very acute comment on the conditions that produced the romantic movement in France. To understand this movement, particularly for an American to disentangle it from the transformation and debasement it has suffered in the last half-century, it is not sufficient to isolate scientific materialism, or the decline of the aristocracy of France, or any single aspect of society as the sole cause. It is all causes together.

But if there is one distinguishing feature of French romanticism, it is the quality which is best described in the phrase *sorcellerie évocatoire*. The character of Joseph Delorme is dedicated to it: the disgust, the "spleen," the lassitude, the paralysis of the will, all conducing to a resignation to the stream of sensation, provide a psychological mechanism from which the poet escapes through those occasional accessions of "vision" that restore, for the moment, the balance of the intellect and the passions. It was due to a disease: the world of the European tradition had been, and still is even more radically, thrown off its origin, so that its recovery became a matter of fragmentary insight, no longer susceptible to ordered statement.

ALLEN TATE

Transcendental Romanticism

The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho. According to Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra. Expounded with Comment by Miguel de Unamuno. Translated by Homer P. Earle. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

UNAMUNO is so complex a personality that, while from the affective point of view he appears sometimes organically constituted and in a certain sense consistent, from the intellectual he always appears radically antithetical and disjointed. Intellectually he is an explosion of irrationalities, a chaos of mutually exclusive tendencies. It would be very easy to dismiss him lightly and remark, in the words of Goethe for instance, that concern for immortality is something "for ladies who have nothing to do." It is not altogether difficult to abstract any one of the aspects of his thought for the purpose of analysis and point out its validity in view of one's own arbitrary criteria. But only a shallow mind can dismiss Unamuno permanently. His words cut down to one of the fundamental disquietudes of the human spirit; and reflection will always drag it back to the surface of consciousness, however much one may try to push it into the shadow. On the other hand intellectual analysis is utterly inadequate to deal with him. No one of the multiple aspects of his thought may be taken out of its psychological setting and remain fully relevant to his own world vision. And it is that vision—confused and darkened by despair though it may be—that is in him of ultimate significance. One faces then a dilemma: either one approaches Unamuno logically and does him a conscious injustice, or one leaves him entirely ununderstood in the hope that some time one may *realize* him completely.

The dilemma forces upon us the question of his attitude toward the method of abstraction. One of the reasons he has so persistently been called a voice of the past—which rigorously speaking he is not—is that he denies, in his usual emotional way, the validity of the rationalistic method as an organ of knowledge. Not that he puts it in these words, or has anything equally efficient to substitute for it. He feels keenly its inability to deal effectively with all the complexities it encounters; to deal, more exactly—for all his reasons are personal—with so unintelligible a phenomenon as his own personality. And it is precisely in this sense that Unamuno may be said to be fully within the modern stream. For his reaction against the limitations of the method of rationalistic analysis is another expression of that tendency which Professor Morris Cohen has so aptly called the "insurgence against reason," and which he finds characteristic of our modern thought. But Unamuno goes much farther in this respect than any modern: his attitude is radical; he will have nothing to do with logic or with rationalism; logic kills the letter as well as the spirit; values wither under its glare. Rationalism, with its method of hard-caked abstractions, produces shallow results and manages seldom really to tap those fountains of despair which run deep under the human conscience.

His aversion to reason finds expression in his ethical philosophy—if so roiled a reservoir of opinions as his may be called "love of wisdom"—among other ways in his truculent refusal to consider the obtuse, rock-hard realities of the world, which philosophers are compelled to take into account as the determining limitations of their thought. In his "Tragic Sentiment of Life" we have already seen that he considers the very quick source of his spiritual life an ineluctable conflict of which he is the victim, which a man rich in worldly wisdom—Santayana, for instance—easily glosses over by rationalization and polite surrender to fact. We may now see, in the present translation, how in the field of ethics, rather than the empirical moderation which the world has always counseled, he offers as the only important categorical imperative an utterly intemperate transcendental romanticism. For this is the meaning of his religion of Quixotism, found expressed not only in this book but in several other of his essays. The Mad Knight did not take the sorry untoward realities of this world into consideration. He had an urge, and because he felt it to be deeply seated he followed it passionately. He was guided by a vision, and because it was luminous to him he took it to be true. To the majority of us this is not wisdom but madness. Madness it was to Cervantes. But to Unamuno it is not madness but the most courageous, the noblest of all possible wisdoms. One thing however must not be forgotten: that Unamuno has lived his own ethical philosophy with a consistency and a passionate devotion equal to that of the Mad Knight himself. And like the Knight our commentator has quite frequently been called mad.

One cannot go that far. For platitudinous as it may be, it is necessary to remember that it is exactly within the heat of the conflict between these two antagonistic attitudes—between the clash of impulsive romanticism and the restraining moderation of reason—that progress, practical as well as moral, is at all possible. And though one may not have the inclination to go against giants which are windmills—for the urge to be a martyr is the privilege of the few—one may at least, in the ease and comfort of one's safe rationality, reserve a grain of admiration and gratitude for those who are devoted to the ideal well enough to risk dashing their souls against the boulders of obdurate reality. Of these, Unamuno is a pure type.

ELISEO VIVAS

Aletta Jacobs

Memoirs of Aletta Jacobs. With an Introduction by J. Oppenheim. Amsterdam: van Holkema en Warendorf.

KNOWN throughout Holland since 1871, when she was the first girl student to enter a university; causing a sensation in 1883 by claiming the right to vote; shocking people out of their wits by taking up birth control later on; studying social evils with a view to initiating all possible improvements; creating a movement for woman suffrage; ignoring the opposition of her male colleagues to all her "dangerous" reforms—Aletta Jacobs, in her long and notable career, in her strife for women's and for human rights, has made a great many friends as well as a great many enemies. Even her enemies, however, have to acknowledge that only an exceptional energy, a warm woman's heart, a powerful will, and a very clear in-

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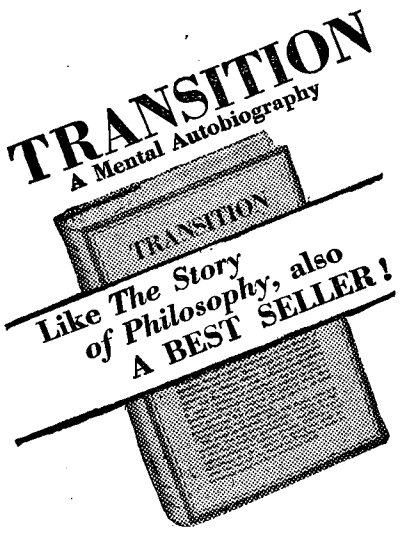

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Has Mr. Will Durant, after writing the most virile history of philosophers that has been produced in our period, now also written the most vital autobiography? It seems so, to one reviewer at least.

G. D. Eaton in *Plain Talk* says:

I defy you to forget *Transition*; you can no more do it than you can forget the life of Spinoza.

John Haynes Holmes in the *Herald-Tribune* says:

This is a thrilling story. I picked it up with a groan on a night when I was sick in bed with a headache, sore throat and 102 degrees fever, and finished it with shouts before the bed-lamp was extinguished.

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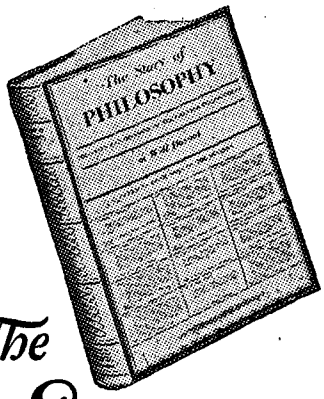

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This summer *The Roving Inner Sanctum* spent memorable hours in SCHNITZLER's enchanted garden on Sternwartestrasse, and tonight we are there again, on wings of song and on pages of prose such as only ARTHUR SCHNITZLER can write.

Daybreak is the latest novelette in the series launched by "that opal flawlessly cut," *Fraulein Else*, and carried forward by *Beatrice*, *None But the Brave*, and *Rhapsody*—even the titles carry the nuance and lure of Vienna.

That life and love are games of chance is the underlying idea of *Daybreak*.

To save a friend from a gambling episode and financial disgrace Lieutenant Willi himself becomes involved in a debt ten times as great and, in desperation, turns to his uncle's young wife who had played a part in a casual amour of the past; there is a situation of SCHNITZLER and Vienna all compact, and the story develops to its climax before the second *Daybreak*.

From SCHNITZLER'S house *The Roving Sanctum* went to the Beethoven section of Vienna to meet FRANZ WERFEL, author of *Verdi, a Novel of the Opera*, *Goat Song*, *Juarez and Maximilian* and *The Man Who Conquered Death*.

Of *The Man Who Conquered Death* we shall not speak here, contenting ourselves with this quotation—the total review—from HERSCHELL BRICKELL of *The New York Evening Post:*

FRANZ WERFEL, the young Viennese author of *Verdi, A Novel of the Opera*, which SIMON AND SCHUSTER insist is one of the great overlooked books of the times, has done a gripping short novel in *The Man Who Conquered Death*, published by the same firm at $1.50. This is a novelette with the unrelenting power of a good short story, a bitter theme handled with sure effectiveness.

An old doorkeeper who has lost his job takes out insurance which will pay his wife a pittance if he reaches the age of sixty-five, and for this reason he hangs on to life with a terrible determination long after the doctors in attendance have agreed that he should be dead. His struggle for the goal in the face of these odds has in it the very essence of drama, and the ending, when, after beating death, the old man is left a mere heap of bones, is tremendous.

You will search a long time for a book of this compass any more moving than *The Man Who Conquered Death.*

Pity, says WILLIAM A. DRAKE, is the outstanding attribute of WERFEL'S genius: "It is the moment of sublimity which comes into being when one person, in the shock of a tragic instant, abandons his own security in commiseration for the peril of another; the whole-spirited response to a generous conception of life, which recognizes the identity of all living creatures in the embrace of nature . . ."

Poor sales copy perhaps, but true talk.

—ESSANDESS

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tellect could have carried her through the endless difficulties of her pioneer life.

Born in 1854, Aletta Jacobs spent the first part of her life in a Groningen village where her father was the village doctor. Brought up in a spirit of democracy very unusual in those times, she considered it quite natural that the girls of her family should be treated as equals with their brothers and that she should at an early age decide to become an M.D. like her father and her eldest brother. It was only much later that she found out the obstacles she had to face. It was only by special consent of the Prime Minister, Thorbecke, that she could enter Groningen University and begin her studies in 1871. She settled in Amsterdam as the first woman physician, looking even then extremely young and incurring a good deal of sharp criticism.

Her medical practice brought her into touch with social evils which gave rise to much suffering among women and children. A new world opened to her and another part of her pioneer career was started upon.

It is to be seen from these "Memoirs" once again how much the younger generation owes to those pioneer workers all over the world. And besides it is refreshing to have the difference between past and present put before us in such a delightful way—with such humor and at the same time with such deep feeling. Not only can we follow Dr. Jacobs's personal career. She also gives us a vivid picture of the development of social and political life in Holland as well as in several other countries. Is it surprising that the war was an awful blow to such a one? With Jane Addams of Hull House she started a world movement for the reorganization of international relations. With them a good many women from warring as well as from neutral countries joined in what proved to be one of the hardest tasks ever taken up, especially in the countries at war.

The English translation, for publication in the United States, is almost finished, we hear. We can only hope that it will be as well received abroad as it was in Holland.

C. RAMONDT-HIRSCHMANN

New Utopias for Old

The Next Age of Man. By Albert Edward Wiggam. Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

The Right to Be Happy. By Mrs. Bertrand Russell. Harper and Brothers. $3.

READERS of Mr. Wiggam's previous books will recall the burden of his biological song—how the superior stocks of our populations, privy to birth control, were failing to produce their quota of lusty young Nordics, while the inferior stocks, either ignorant of or indifferent to the lore of Mrs. Sanger, were continuing to procreate their kind with great abandon. As a result America was rapidly becoming an overcrowded apartment house for morons—morons headed for a social hell for sheer lack of brainy leadership. A sad state of affairs if true—and Mr. Wiggam offered plausible reasons for patriotic alarm. In the present volume Mr. Wiggam continues to discourse on heredity, environment, genetics, eugenics, and what not in his best Sunday supplement manner, and until near the end appears to be alarmed as usual lest the better stocks of our people be petering out. But the darkest biological hour, it seems, is just before the scientific dawn. For, lo, in his final chapter Mr. Wiggam appears as the journalistic John the Baptist of a new messianic hope—salvation through the inhibition of the female sexual hormones, or safe, sane, and salubrious birth control through the simple process of a woman's swallowing an occasional synthetic tablet.

Heretofore, as Mr. Wiggam points out, birth control has required a certain amount of intelligence and attention, and thus only the more civilized classes have availed themselves of its technique. The effect has, therefore, been dysgenic—tending to recruit the race more and more from the lower orders. Obvi-

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ously an easier and simpler technique was needed—something that the proletariat would find as fascinating as swallowing a dose of Peruna. Well, according to Mr. Wiggam, we shall soon have that very thing. Certain biochemists, he tells us, have lately discovered that the female reproductive process is under the control of two hormones—the one stimulative, the other suppressive; others have isolated this suppressive hormone and are now able to inhibit the menstrual process by hypodermic injections. Before long, he believes, biochemists will have reduced this hormone to tablet form, and such tablets will be on sale at every drug-store. Plainly this will mark a crisis in human affairs—a biological advance, according to Mr. Wiggam, second only to that which occurred when Pithecanthropus learned to walk on two legs. For when birth control becomes perfectly simple and fool-proof, only the more intelligent, upright, and forward-looking couples will as a rule desire to have children (or, at all events, more than one or two), and thus will be set in motion a highly eugenic process of natural selection, efficacious beyond any scheme that Galton ever dreamed. It is a glorious vision that Mr. Wiggam sees, and he trumpets it with apocalyptic fervor.

If Mr. Wiggam finds the key to his eugenic Utopia in biochemistry, Mrs. Russell is equally confident that humanity may be transformed by a bouleversement of bourgeois morals. Heretofore, she says in effect, Western civilization has been dominated by "an absurd Judiac-cum-Christian synthesis," unhappiness has been considered the normal state of man; one was supposed to forego the joys of earth in order to attain the joys of heaven. But heaven fades into mythology along with the Elysian fields and Valhalla, hence it behooves us to find our happiness here and now. We need a new ethics in which happiness shall be predicated as the right of the individual—as the normal state of man. Happiness, rare as it is in the modern world, is really a very simple matter. It is a matter of recognizing certain human impulses, instincts, or needs as vital, and giving these impulses intelligent expression. These vital impulses derive from the two great main-springs of human action—hunger and love. The hunger instinct in a large part of the population is now far from being properly satisfied; society needs a better distribution of material things, and science can point the way. But above all, society needs to modernize its ethics with regard to sex.

Here we come to the central feature of Mrs. Russell's book. It is essentially a plea for a liberalization and beautification of ethics in the matter of sex. "Sex-love," says Mrs. Russell, "is the most intense instinctive pleasure known to men and women, and starvation or thwarting of this instinct causes more acute unhappiness than poverty, disease, or ignorance." Specifically, Mrs. Russell favors such a modernization of ethics as shall allow pre-marital intercourse without social disapproval, cheap and easy divorce for such couples as choose to have it, and open extra-marital relations aesthetically arrived at for such as desire variety now and then to give spice to the sexual life. Where children are desired—and Mrs. Russell rates children extremely high in the scale of values—"a few years of agreed sexual fidelity" will serve the purpose. As for the social consequences of her new freedom, Mrs. Russell speaks with assurance, visualizing only a vast increase of human happiness, with little or no cheap promiscuity and running amuck. Finally, she pleads, let us have done with medievalism and build a new civilization, a civilization embodying all the security, freedom, and beauty that twentieth-century knowledge can give.

Like "Hypatia," Mrs. Russell's previous compact and outspoken little book, "The Right to Be Happy," breathes a spirit of deep sincerity. Though less eloquent than "Hypatia" and too attentuated in style, it nevertheless rings at times with a dithyrambic fervor. No one, I suppose, has written more beautifully of sex and parenthood since Edward Carpenter laid down his pen. If ordinary men and women possessed half of Mrs. Russell's apparent integrity, intelligence, and sympathy, I should think that her new freedom might work with some suc-

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cess. But whether any liberalization of sex ethics can immensely increase human happiness, as Mrs. Russell imagines, I very much doubt. Greenwich Village, so far as I can learn from Harry Kemp and others, is not much more suffused with happiness per block than Zenith City and Gopher Prairie.

CHARLES LEE SNIDER

Books in Brief

The Oldest Biography of Spinoza. Edited by A. Wolf. The Dial Press. $2.50

The oldest biography of Spinoza appears here in a more accurate text, made possible by a newly discovered manuscript, edited with critical introduction, English translation, and notes. Otherwise it is, of course, the "Life" attributed to Lucas and reprinted almost thirty years ago in Freudenthal's "Lebensgeschichte." The apparatus and presentation of the work are excellent and some of the corrections brought in by the new manuscript are edifying; in all it is worthy to succeed to Professor Wolf's earlier translation and study of Spinoza's "Short Treatise." Of the "Life" itself little more need be said than that it contains information which sounds in the main authentic and which is not to be found elsewhere—and that it is written with an interest and an insight which make it, apart from questions of accuracy, an extraordinary narrative of an intellectual career. Students of Spinoza will be grateful for a more easily accessible and more accurate text, but it is possible too that those who taste only of literature may be pleased to find a flavored seventeenth-century biography.

The Development of the Theater. By Allardyce Nicoll. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $10.

Professor Nicoll is an indefatigable scholar who happens to have devoted himself to a study of the theater. On previous occasions he has plowed undismayed through mountains of materials, he has edited worthless old plays quite as gladly as good ones, and he has written various volumes, including a history of the drama of the English Restoration which is so admirably exact upon minor points as to be almost unreadable. The present volume is, however, of a different sort. With the aid of two hundred and sixty handsome illustrations it traces briefly the development of the physical theater from the beginnings to the present day and supplies the reader with all that is essential for an understanding of the influence of this development upon play production. Here Professor Nicoll's scholarship assures the accuracy of his statements without oppressing the general reader, and there is no other place in which that reader may find a more satisfactory treatment of the subject.

Stage Antiquities of the Greeks and Romans and Their Influence. By James Turney Allen. Longmans, Green and Company.

A new volume in the Our Debt to Greece and Rome series.

Down Stream, and other Works. By J. K. Huysmans. Translated from the French with a Critical Study by Samuel Putnam. Chicago: Pascal Covici.

A translation of "A vau-l'Eau" and other minor works.

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An argument for atheism written by the man whom psycopathology has helped make famous.

The National History of France. Vol. I. *The Earliest Times,* By Funck Brentano. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

Funck Brentano is correct in his ethnology but chauvinistic in his views. He attributes to the inhabitants of France, who were then divided into quarreling tribes, a consciousness of national unity based on a territorial conception which did not then exist in any part of the world, and minimizes the Roman and Teutonic elements in French culture, ascribing to the aboriginal Celts a larger influence in forming the national character than seems in accord with the facts.

Drama

A Fiasco

MUCH was expected of Philip Barry's "John" (Klaw Theater). The author had previously written two failures rather generally regarded as too good for the public; the producing organization was the Actor's Theater, responsible last year for "Saturday's Children," one of the best of our comedies; and the chief actors employed were recognized stars. This, however, was one of the occasions when all signs failed and it can only be said that all the implicated parties worked together in perfect harmony for the production of a fiasco.

Of those concerned the author comes off decidedly best, for he had at least an admirable intention to start from. The John referred to in the title is the man generally described as "the Baptist," and the play is, or rather tries to be, concerned with the tragedy of his personal failure. Conceived by Mr. Barry as a man with all the passionate force and all the narrow limitations of most evangelists, it is his fate to be an instrument for the achievement of a purpose which he is incapable of understanding. A nationalist, a man of violence, and preeminently the prophet of a revengeful God, it is not within the compass of his soul to comprehend the Messiah whose advent he has been foretelling. He has seen Jesus, he has liked him even, but it has been so impossible for the two men to know one another that when John, in prison, is told of the new turn-cheek doctrine preached by his erstwhile disciple he can only set it down as a malicious lie, and though, at the moment of his death, he knows that Jesus is the Messiah he goes to that death gladly only because he is sure that the new leader will have the adultress Herodias stoned as the law commands and wield again the war-like might of the Jews.

Not only is the conception intellectually interesting but—and this is more important still—it has the stuff of great tragedy in it. This John is exactly the large but imperfect man of whom Aristotle spoke, and death, coming upon him in a moment of exaltation, affords exactly that sort of situation which we properly call tragic—one, that is to say, in which the moment of external catastrophe coincides with the moment of internal triumph and a man dies in the full possession of his soul. John has not failed for himself, and because he can accept death gladly we, too, can accept it with that exaltation which makes the genuinely tragic as far removed from mere pathos as it is from comedy. Nor does the fact that the peace of his soul is founded upon a misapprehension, that he accepts his fate because he does not understand it, do anything except intensify the interest of the situation. It complicates heroism with irony and it makes John not merely a triumphant failure but a glorious dupe as well.

The play fails, not because of any lack of spiritual insight on the part of the author but simply because he has not been able to manage his narrative. Exposition, often unnecessary, clogs his action, and his story will not move forward. There is a long, meandering first act that barely succeeds in introducing the subject, a second largely concerned with irrelevant affairs in the home of the Tetrarch, and then, finally, a concluding scene too short to do more than suggest how effective the play might have been. As for the actors, they behave as though they had lost faith in the play sometime before the first curtain rose. Ben Ami plays with a heavy meaningless violence; Margaret Anglin recites her lines listlessly; and Anna Duncan, in the role of Salome, can scarcely be heard. Perhaps the fact that a

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dancer was chosen for the latter part and then not allowed to dance will serve as a sort of symbol of the general ineffectiveness of the whole, and in any event judgment upon "John" can be passed in a single sentence: It is excellently conceived, badly played, and still worse acted.

"Coquette" (Maxine Elliott's Theater) is a rather subtle study concerned with a village belle who lets a lover be shot because she cannot bring herself quickly enough to the point of confessing that the "honor" which her father is defending is only a myth. The central character is finely drawn and the social background—that of the anachronistic South—skilfully suggested. Perhaps the play is somewhat too subdued in its methods to make itself heard on Broadway, but it is quietly acidulous and played with more force by Helen Hayes than those who have seen her only in more syrupy roles might be inclined to anticipate. "The Fanatics" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is a somewhat overexplicit but nevertheless amusing comedy which comes here after a great success in London. It is devoted to a defense of trial marriage and in spite of a slight tendency in the direction of talkiness it makes its points with a good deal of humor. "Take My Advice" (Belmont Theater), a pure and simple-minded little farce, is also well enough in its not very distinguished way. In "A Connecticut Yankee" (Vanderbilt Theater) Mark Twain is brought up to date in a tuneful, colorful musical comedy. He appears rather grotesque in modern clothes, but is amusing nevertheless.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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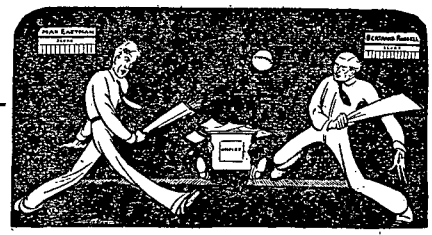

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International Relations Section

Disarmament and the Labor Party

By RENNIE SMITH

London, October 10

WE are painfully reminded in these days that the world will not run to general disarmament with the speed of the fabled hare. For example, in 1919 concrete suggestions were put forward by America for a peace that would be based on social justice and not on revenge. But the peace treaty was a peace of revenge. In the peace treaty itself there was a cogent need for the establishment, on a principle of equality, of an all-inclusive League of Nations. In practice we got a league raised on the blood-sodden ground of a military victory. While America wrapped round herself the proud mantle of isolation, Germany and Russia alike were scowled at as enemies. Or, to take the latest example, President Coolidge called for naval disarmament. At once the political barometer of general disarmament, carried from cold and shadow into the sunshine of hope, registered the new degrees. But, alas! the invitation to disarm only ended in more harm. They who foregathered as friendly guests, speaking a common language, departed with burning ears. The common people in three continents are left in bewilderment and anger, asking: What next?

Workers for peace in pre-war days sought to instruct princes, through Hague conferences and in diverse ways, that disarmament by itself would never fill the bill. They emphasized to the point of weariness, with many to hear and few to understand, that without the establishment of the neutral arbitration court, to which all possible causes of war could be referred for settlement, the prospects of disarmament would fetch but a small price in the market. They searched anxiously for the foundations of a security-in-common to replace the security associated with the possession of arms.

It is to the credit of those responsible for the foreign policy of the Labor Party that years ago they perceived the need for a synthetic program to bring about peace. That is why they were among the first to advocate an all-inclusive league of nations to replace the international anarchy of our time. That is why, in 1915, men like Mr. Brailsford and Mr. Sidney Webb in their private thoughts and public utterances were busy raising that fabric of international life whereby the judge and the arbitration court could displace the soldier. The Geneva Protocol of 1924 gathered together the wisdom of a generation's political thinking and the ghastly finger-pointings of a world war into a political document of epoch-making importance. Mankind is not unmindful of the debt it owes to American thought. Those triune foundations of peace—arbitration, security, disarmament—were in the Protocol, laid broad and deep in the society of nations. It is not an accident that the Protocol was championed by a Labor government in Great Britain. Nor is it an accident that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald revitalized the League by appearing in person at Geneva, there to move the imagination of the world by clothing himself in the language and the spirit of this profound instrument of peace. Was it not logical, too, that the newly arrived Tory Government should be the main agent in the world for the rejection of the Protocol? The Tory Government, when it rejected the Protocol, rejected by a process of reasoning based on nineteenth-century practices of the sovereignty of nations, a practical policy for the building up of that international security which alone can replace the security of the national sword. And at the Imperial Conference the British Tory Government not only declared that the time was not ripe for the application of obligatory arbitration in the realm of international disputes, but it has systematically rejected every offer that has come from other countries to conclude such treaties. Men cannot gather the figs of disarmament from these wild thistles of polemic against pooled security and the international judge.

An attempt is to be made by 1931 to redeem the failure of the Coolidge Conference. Before that time we shall have had at least one new government in England. It would be within the program of a Labor government, in harmony with its outlook on foreign policy and of the logic of its history, to be willing to negotiate on the issue of the outlawry of war and for the conclusion of an arbitration treaty which would undertake to submit in the last resort every judgment to a third party for pacific settlement. Similarly, it would be true to itself in desiring to apply, between Britain and the United States, that principle of common security which could give an international meaning to the "freedom of the seas" and could slay those ghosts of cruiser rivalries and blockade in war time which haunted the Coolidge Conference. Lord Cecil's resignation from the Cabinet, from Geneva, and from the General Disarmament Commission is the impressive proof, if one were needed, of how right Labor's diagnosis is. Lord Cecil, in his letter to the Prime Minister, writes:

> . . . I cannot conceal from myself that on the broad policy of disarmament the majority of the Cabinet and I are not really agreed. I believe that a general reduction and limitation of armaments is essential to the peace of the world, and on that peace depends not only the existence of the British Empire, but even that of European civilization itself. . . . Much that happened during last spring was to me of a disquieting nature. Over and over again I was compelled by my instructions to maintain propositions in the commission which were difficult to reconcile with any serious desire for the success of its labors. . . . I look back on the refusal to accept the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, the unconditional rejection of the Protocol, the Ministerial declaration against compulsory arbitration, the partial failure of the Preparatory Commission, and now the breakdown of the Three-Power Conference. . . . In each case the policy I advocated has been more or less overruled. . . . For the truth is, however unwilling I am to recognize it, that in these matters my colleagues do not agree with me. . . .

Do you want disarmament? the Labor Party asked some time ago. Then work for arbitration and security at the same time. The harvest will come. General disarmament of a kind that will leave the Washington agreement behind; a general disarmament that will pass at once to the atmosphere of that all-round and radical disarmament imposed with corresponding obligations on other states, on Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria under the peace treaty of 1919 and the Covenant of the League of Nations. The Labor Party has drawn a second lesson from the failures of this year. How easily statesmen can neglect the pledges they have by solemn treaty given. For the four late enemy states have carried out a process of disarmament on land, on sea, and in the air, which is the only model in exis-

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tence for the guidance of other states in the post-war world. And these four states, all now members of the League of Nations, can and do put forward a claim for the application of this model by other states, which is, both in respect of treaty obligations and of moral principle, irresistible. Germany is limited to six battleships of 10,000 tons, and six cruisers of 6,000 tons. Submarines are totally prohibited. Her army is denuded of tanks, armored cars, and heavy artillery, and is reduced on a voluntary basis to 100,000 men. Military aircraft and the manufacture and research associated therewith are totally prohibited. If these things can be done for four states, why can they not, in principle, be done for fifty-four? The display of tanks on Britain's Salisbury Plain this summer would thereby become illegal, and our military aircraft exercises of this year would disturb the sky no more.

The world cannot run permanently on two standards of disarmament. Either the 1919 standard must win the general consent of the other states, or the four states now subject to its drastic measure will, sooner or later, provoke an irresistible movement to be released. When these are the issues, the choice of responsible men cannot be in doubt.

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

JOHN A. HOBSON, a contributing editor of *The Nation,* is a foremost British economist and the author of "The Conditions of Industrial Peace."

RUSSELL OWEN is on the staff of the New York *Times.*

RENNIE SMITH is Directing Secretary of the British National Council for the Prevention of War.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, a contributing editor of *The Nation,* has just published "Cities and Men."

ARTHUR ELOESSER is literary critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt.*

ALLEN TATE, American poet and critic, is at present engaged upon an anthology of contemporary poetry.

ELISEO VIVAS is in the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

MADAME C. RAMONDT-HIRSCHMANN is a Dutch pacifist, and treasurer of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

CHARLES LEE SNIDER has contributed articles to the *American Mercury* and other magazines.

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